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The Shape of Things

IN A DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK *TIMES* Cabell Phillips a few weeks ago reported a new Truman Doctrine, applicable on the domestic front. "If thy neighbor smite thee," the doctrine runs, "turn the other cheek. If he smite thee there also, then you lower the boom on him." Having been smitten several times on both cheeks by Southern members of his party, the President has at last decided to let go with the boom. His remark that there are "too many Byrds in the Congress" was in fact only a casual reference to an operation already under way. In the heat of the House fight on labor legislation Mr. Truman warned that he would regard loyalty to the party program as a criterion when it came to dispensing patronage. From the most hard-boiled Southern professionals this blunt intrusion of political realism has drawn cries of outraged dignity, as though their careers had not depended from the start on the power to hand out jobs in return for necessary support in the primaries. Representative Hebert of Louisiana indignantly told his colleagues their votes were "for sale"; he was barely squelched by a reminder from the majority leader that having supported a "splinter party" last November, he enjoyed the privileges of a Democrat only because party leaders chose temporarily to look the other way. Representative Williams now complains that neither he nor any of his Mississippi colleagues has been able to clear the appointment of so much as a rural mail carrier in recent weeks. However sordid this procedure may be, it is the raw stuff of politics. If it forces a showdown with the states'-rights crowd, the country can only be the gainer. We hope, for the sake of a much-needed realignment, that the Southerners refuse to be bought, but with thousands of census jobs opening up for 1950, we are fearful that the Heberts and Rankins will mortify their pride and put off the day of reckoning.

*

WITH THE GREATEST OF RESPECT FOR Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, we must disagree with him about the wisdom of instructing each government agency to make a flat reduction of at least 5 per cent in its budgeted expenditures. This is an unscientific way to economize. Some agencies ought to be expanded; some ought not to be reduced; some could and should save a good deal more than 5 per cent. If it is undesirable to increase taxes by the $4 billion demanded by President Truman in order to balance the budget, there are two major points of attack waiting for economy-minded Senators and Representatives—the armed services, whose wastes are pointed out in this issue by Paul Blanshard, and the needs for reorganization of the executive branch detailed by the Hoover Commission, most of which the President is only awaiting Congressional permission to put into effect. Incidentally, the fact that the President renewed his request for a tax increase so soon after talking with his Council of Economic Advisers is a pretty good indication that they do not expect a serious recession. They are not, it is true, converts to the theory that nothing needs to be done to defeat a depression except to unbalance the budget, but they would scarcely insist so strongly on balancing it at this juncture unless they believed that inflation might otherwise be renewed.

*

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS THE ATOMIC ENERGY Commission has been at odds with Congressional diehards over how much should be told about our atomic-energy program. In its regular report to Congress in January the commission gave a fairly full account of its activities and said it would issue a separate report on the development of atomic power in March. At this announcement the atomic isolationists on Capitol Hill expressed horror and alarm, and their emotion was increased when Senator McMahon, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, suggested that the United States consider making public the size of its atom-bomb stockpile. In the face of this attack the AEC retreated and has delayed publication of the atomic-power report, a document which would be of great value in educating the public. The question of security is not involved, since the report includes no technical data; Congressional insistence on super-secrecy stems basically from a kind of anti-intellectualism which fears the spread of scientific education. Now the obscurantists will probably shift their attack to Gordon Dean and Henry D. Smyth, the men recently appointed by President Truman to the AEC. The prospective members are as good choices for commission posts as could possibly have been found. Dr. Smyth, chairman of the Princeton physics department, was author of the masterly, official report on the war-time achievements of the Manhattan District, while Dr. Dean, now a professor of law at Southern California, was in the Department of Justice

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• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS
The Shape of Things 569
"I *Was* the Law" 571
Not Enough Recovery 572

ARTICLES
The Liberal Dilemma *by Thomas Sancton* 573
Anglo-American Teamwork *by Del Vayo* 575
Billions for Brass *by Paul Blanshard* 576
The Crumbling Kuomintang *by Andrew Roth* 578
Muscle-bound America: IV. Shortages at the Grass Roots *by A. G. Mezerik* 581
Poland, 1949: I. Shortages and Schisms *by Alexander Werth* 583
So They Said *by Tim Taylor* 585

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
Children's Books Yesterday and Today *by Henry Steele Commager* 586
The Calendar Illuminated *by Gustav Eckstein* 587
Trade-Union History *by A. H. Raskin* 588
The Careers of Sol Bloom *by Jerome H. Spingarn* 588
Verse Chronicle *by Rolfe Humphries* 589
Films *by Manny Farber* 590
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 591
Spring Books for Children *Selected by Frances Clark Sayers* 592

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 594

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 313 *by Frank W. Lewis* 595

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throughout the New Deal period. In spite of expected opposition from those who believe science can be locked up in a safe, there can be little doubt that both men will win ultimate Senate approval.

*

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION recently concluded the last of a series of hearings which extended over a period of two years on the question of whether railroads should be permitted to maintain the temporary rate of 48 cents a pound on shipments between a steel plant at Geneva, Utah, and cities of the West Coast. The hearings found the railroads, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Western States Council, and the state of Utah lined up in support of the position of United States Steel, which now owns the Geneva plant. The principal spokesmen against continuing the rate were representatives of Bethlehem Steel, the Kaiser interests, the inter-coastal steamship lines, and some of the minor independent steel companies. The Kaiser interests, which control the Fontana plant in Southern California, contended that by letting United States Steel have the Geneva plant for $40,000,000 (it cost $191,000,000 to build) the government has made it possible for that concern to produce steel at a cost of $31 per ton of rated ingot capacity, as compared with Kaiser's cost of $109 a ton at Fontana.

*

KAISER PURCHASED THE FONTANA PLANT with the aid of a multi-million dollar loan from the RFC which that agency has consistently refused to scale down. Among the reasons which induced him to buy at this disadvantage was the existence of a low freight-rate schedule between Los Angeles and San Francisco, based on competing truck and shipping lines. To permit United States Steel to invade this market from its new Geneva base would be tantamount to a further government subsidy. It is this background which explains United States Steel's sudden advocacy of low freight rates in the West. The Pacific Coast naturally favors low rates, but many residents of the region wonder what the effect on steel prices would be if United States Steel were enabled to eliminate its principal Western competitor. The decision of the ICC, expected within the next sixty days, will have an important bearing on the development of the Western steel industry, which United States Steel could not block and therefore proposes to control.

*

"RUSSIAN TEACHERS SOMETIMES JUMP OUT of windows to avoid an intolerable situation. In America it is still possible to walk out the door." These words were used by Newbold Morris, chairman of the board of directors of Youthbuilders, to explain the resignation

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last week of Ethel Dammrich from the New York City school system. Miss Dammrich, who had been an employee of the Board of Education for twenty-three years —the last three as a supervisor of the Youthbuilders' program—quit her job in protest against "a public-school system where . . . a religious group is seeking to control the educational policy, and where opposition to such control is interpreted as bigotry." Specifically, Miss Dammrich charges that the board has yielded to Roman Catholic pressure on many issues, including Youthbuilders. Originally a voluntary extra-curricular program conducted by the organization itself, the Youthbuilders' plan has during the last few years been taken over piece by piece with malicious intent by the Board of Education. What had been a fine and exciting effort to broaden a child's understanding of his world by bringing him in contact with all sides of important current issues has now been "decentralized" almost out of existence. We would suggest to Maximilian Moss, a good liberal whose accession to the presidency of the board we note with pleasure, that he put the Youthbuilders situation high on his list of official headaches.

✶

THE NEWS OF THE BOMBING OF THE Bolivian, Brazilian, and Peruvian consulates in Barcelona came as a shock to those who had too readily decided that no serious reaction was likely in Spain to efforts at Lake Success to refurbish Franco as a democrat. It did not surprise those who, like ourselves, knew that the hunger and despair of the Spanish people during the last few months had given fresh impetus to the already strong opposition to the Franco regime and to external sympathizers with it. In 1945 firm and united action on the part of the victorious Allies could have brought about a peaceful transition of the government in Spain. The longer the establishment of a democratic regime there is delayed, the greater will be the violence and bloodshed. Barcelona was a first warning.

✶

WHILE THE *DAILY COMPASS* AT FIRST LOOK gives the impression of a cross between the New York *Post* and *PM,* it has a definite personality of its own. It makes no real pretense at covering the news; readers will pay their ten cents a copy for a few AP dispatches and local stories and a much larger volume of contributions by special writers who have joined Ted O. Thackrey in his bold new venture. Old *Post* and *PM* stalwarts such as I. F. Stone, Albert Deutsch, Tom O'Connor, Max Werner, and Howard W. Ambruster are featured, along with a fairly solid sports section under the distinguished aegis of Stanley Woodward and two pages of comics, including De la Torre's "Little Pedro." The first issue carries a long statement of policy by Thackrey opposing the Atlantic Pact, the government's military program, and its dealings with reactionary dictatorships. Will such a paper go? Nobody knows exactly how much money Mrs. Anita Blaine and others have supplied for the enterprise, but it is certain that the *Compass* is starting its career on a thin shoestring in terms of metropolitan newspaper financing. Mr. Thackrey is said to believe that 65,000 readers will keep the paper alive, even without advertising. We admire his courage and hope he is right, but in view of the fate of *PM* and the *Star,* our admiration and hope are somewhat diluted with skepticism.

"I Was the Law"

TWELVE years ago a member of the C. I. O. or of the American Civil Liberties Union went to Jersey City only at the risk of life or limb. Mayor Frank Hague had warned that he would tolerate no "invasion" of his city by those sinister forces. Having just been returned to office, for the fifth time, by a *ja* vote of 110,743 to 6,798, he felt justified in regarding the municipality as his fiefdom. "Why," he remarked, "I made this city." When he was asked who decided whether or not a group could organize in Jersey City, he pounded his chest and replied, "I decide. Me. Here." And when his edict was defied, his police swooped down on the "invaders," beat up a number of them, threw thirteen into the local Bastile, and forcibly escorted the rest to the Holland Tunnel, the tubes, and the Hudson River ferry. "I am the law," said Mayor Hague, without ever having heard of Louis XIV.

Last week Frank Hague passed into the political shadows. Journal Square, once known as "the Hague spot of New Jersey," was taken over by 7,500 parading trade unionists (C. I. O. included) cheered on by 30,000 roaring opponents of Hague's nephew and candidate for the mayoralty. The next day the Hague machine went down to defeat for the first time since the year that preceded the First World War. Torchlight parades weaved through the square, roman candles exploded in the Jersey skies, and a din went up that rivaled the demonstrations of V-E Day. Hague was through, not only in Jersey City but probably as a power in the Democratic National Committee.

In the introduction to "Our Fair City," published a few years ago, Robert S. Allen came to the depressing conclusion that "good municipal management when it occurs in the United States is wholly an accident of fate, a lucky break owing to fortuitous circumstances: the fortunate presence of an able and courageous leader, public outrage and surfeit with scandal and abuses, or a factional brawl within a dominant political organization." In the case of Jersey City the first of these factors

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would not seem to be involved. The victorious candidate, John V. Kenny, is a graduate of the Hague Academy for Wardheelers. "Hague goaded me into running," he told reporters on election night. "If he had not thrown me out, I probably still would be a member of the machine." Surfeit with abuses there may well have been; certainly the boss's hold on the voters had been slipping ever since the 1937 peak. But it was a factional brawl that proved his undoing. A lieutenant like Kenny could take Hague himself for decades, but he drew the line at having the succession pass to a man whose only claim was kinship with the boss.

Yet there were other factors in the collapse of the Hague dynasty, and not all of them fell within the gloomy limits of the Allen formula. In general, the era of the city boss has been declining for some years, and the downfall of relics like Hague awaits only the proper combination of circumstances. Ahead of him were Pendergast of Kansas City, Kelly of Chicago, Crump of Memphis, Maestri of New Orleans, and, on a smaller scale, McFeely of Hoboken. Even New York's Tammany Hall has long been on the downgrade and, it is hoped, will have suffered a further setback at the hands of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears.

To this general trend—there are still exceptions—the choking off of immigration has been a powerful incentive. The old type of boss rule battened on the helplessness of freshly arrived foreigners. To these newcomers the city machines meant jobs, protection, handouts, social opportunities, and expedited citizenship. That source of easy votes gradually dried up. Increased literacy, the movies, and radio helped to discredit the more flagrantly corrupt forms of bossism. And when to these factors was added the greater job security that came with the Wagner act and the power of the trade unions, the usefulness of the city *padrones* was all but gone. In the particular case of Mr. Hague, the installation of voting machines helped, too, and so did the resentment of city and county employees at having to feed back to the Hague apparatus 3 per cent of their annual salaries on a yearly occasion known as "Rice Pudding Day."

In bidding farewell to the Hagues, we are under no illusion that their disappearance, one by one, assures us an era of civic virtue. Local government by coldly efficient and economy-minded business men can be just as anti-social as the rule of the bosses, and a lot less human. Nevertheless, it is heartening to witness the end of an anachronism as gross as the Hague machine, for all that it gave Jersey City a low crime rate, a fine Medical Center, and freedom from night clubs. Seeing that the power is, after all, in their hands, the people of that metropolis may be all the more determined now to see that their officials walk the democratic path. They might even make Mr. Kenny a good mayor.

Not Enough Recovery

THE Economic Survey of Europe, recently released by the U. N.'s Economic Commission for Europe, presents a more discerning picture of the recovery of that continent, and the obstacles still confronting it, than we have had from any other international or national agency. It is a worthy successor to the monumental report of the same commission issued a year ago.

The progress made in 1948 was remarkable, on the face of the broad statistics. In Europe industrial production rose 16 per cent and agricultural production 12 per cent. Russia made a gain of 27 per cent in industrial production, and achieved a grain harvest as large as before the war. The gap in the foreign-trade balance was reduced by $2 billion; Europe exported 30 per cent more than in 1947 and imported 7 per cent less. Most budgets were balanced, surpluses were used to increase capital investments, productivity of labor gained. Unemployment was low except in Italy, Belgium, and the Eastern countries. The pre-war level of production was reached in three years, although after World War I seven years were required to get back to that level.

Yet the progress is not fast enough. The estimated gap in dollar payments in 1952, when the Marshall Plan is to end, remains about $3 billion. The percentage increases are reckoned from a relatively low base; they probably will not continue at the same rate, and "are not likely to bring about a solution of the basic economic problem of Europe—the severe poverty in which the majority of European peoples live." What is the matter?

In Western Europe every nation is planning on a national basis and so far is having excellent success in achieving its plans. But the plans do not fit together and do not promise the utmost possible advance in standards of living. Each nation, striving to remedy a deficit in foreign payments and protect its exchange, is planning to export more and import less. The result is that for the year 1952-53 the nations of Western Europe plan to export to one another at least 7 per cent more than before the war but to import from one another no more than pre-war. How this miracle is to be achieved they do not explain. France intends to export a large volume of agricultural products to countries which do not intend to buy them; the Bizone of Germany expects to sell machinery and equipment which there are no plans to buy; every country counts on selling textiles to the others but not on buying textiles from them.

In the effort to increase national self-sufficiency most countries are building up industries to produce what they formerly bought abroad; the result is that they will get the product at higher cost and lose the benefit of specialization. Bilateral trade bargains, made to safeguard exchange, often reduce trade. They also prevent the bargainers from seeking the best goods in the cheapest

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markets. Devices to approach multilateral trade and the convertibility of currencies have so far not been very successful. European statesmen have not faced the inevitable choice: a return to the liberal principles of international trade or planning for the whole of Europe, at an international level.

The Eastern European countries have also been trading among themselves, for the most part on a bilateral basis. Though this trade has grown considerably since pre-war days, the volume is still small. The satellite states have enlarged their exports to the Soviet Union about ten times and their imports from it about twenty-five times; yet this commerce is not so large as their pre-war trade with Germany and Austria, on which they used chiefly to depend. It is also of a different character.

It is now an old story that trade between Eastern and Western Europe has languished; in 1948 it was but 42 per cent of the pre-war level. This was due mainly to the East's lack of a sufficient export surplus of the agricultural products on which Western Europe used to draw; though good figures are not available for last year, in 1947 exports of foodstuffs from East to West were less than 10 per cent of the 1938 volume. On the other side, exports of such things as machinery and iron and steel from West to East have been small. Both parties are hampered by this shrinkage: the Western Europeans have to look elsewhere for a large part of their food and raw materials, while the recovery of the Easterners is retarded. Mutual interest accounts for new trade agreements which should expand the interchange.

Overshadowing all other difficulties is of course the disunity of Germany. In 1936 the trade between eastern and western Germany amounted to about a billion dollars a year; in 1948 it was virtually zero. The Ruhr used to be fed by the east and sent its steel products back in exchange. Various stages of production in single industries were carried on in both regions. Sugar imports of the Bizone have risen from 16,000 tons in 1938 to 539,000 tons in 1948 because the beets raised in the East are no longer available to the West; meanwhile the Soviet zone piled up a sugar surplus for which it could find no use. If the split continues, the Ruhr area will be tied in with other European regions which have plenty of steel production but insufficient food; the Soviet area will be linked with others which have a steel shortage.

Though many detailed problems are outlined in the report, the major requirements for European recovery clearly stand out: (1) Western Europe must be unified, economically if not politically; (2) trade between Eastern and Western Europe must be revived; (3) Germany must be united on some basis. Unless these goals can be achieved, serious trouble is in store for all concerned.

The Liberal Dilemma

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, May 13

SECRETARY OF STATE ACHESON spoke out for habeas corpus and individual liberties in the complicated developments concerning Spain this week. But the statement was seriously compromised by discussions which also took place during the week—involving questions of eventual diplomatic recognition and cotton exports—between a representative of the Franco government and the leading Congressional opponents of civil-liberties legislation. Foremost among these was Chairman Tom Connally of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

It was the cotton deal—publicly exposed by Americans for Democratic Action, who sent a telegram of protest to the Secretary—which led Acheson to deliver his statement on Spain at an ensuing press conference. Speaking extemporaneously but with the organized incisiveness of a lawyer who has well prepared a case, Acheson got off some vivid phrases. Nevertheless, it was clearly a legalistic presentation—justifying the dubious policy of abstention from voting on the resolution to restore ambassadors to Madrid, while inscribing upon the record a strong indictment of Spanish fascism. All that the week's maneuvering succeeded in making clear was that a powerful pro-Franco bipartisan faction is working behind the façade of democratic protestations, and that Anglo-American diplomacy has now a brilliant spokesman in the person of Secretary Acheson.

"One of the things that all dictators do—from the time of the French Revolution and before the French Revolution down to the present time—" said Acheson, "is to take anyone that they do not like and throw him in the oubliette (dungeon) and there he stays until he dies or until they shoot him or until they take him out. The fundamental protection against that in free countries is the writ of habeas corpus."

This means, he said, that anyone held in prison may at any time get an order from the court that he shall be produced in person before the court, and those who hold him must establish the fact that they do so under provisions of law. A second important right, he said, is trial by jury—so that "in being convicted of a crime you are convicted not by employees of the state but by your fellow-citizens." These rights do not exist in Spain,

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whose government "was patterned on the regimes in Italy and in Germany and was and is a fascist government and a dictatorship."

Acheson denied rumors that the earlier discussions of a deal for the sale of Southern cotton, and possibly wheat, to Spain governed the attitude of the United States toward the Brazilian resolution in the U. N. Assembly, on which the United States delegation abstained from voting at Lake Success this week.

The very skill of Secretary Acheson's performance in dealing with the press and in presenting the State Department case in the competition of world propagandas creates an impression of glibness. Every major statement has maximum appeal for all groups involved. The idiomatic yet crisp language, with its references to Joe Doakes and its subtle wisecracks, is for the press. A large part of the content is addressed to the complex foreign-policy situation in the Senate. The argument in its entirety is a justification of American policy for world consumption. And this aspect of Secretary Acheson's presentation of the American policy is the least realistic aspect of all. For whatever part of the American position is based upon an appeal to the world's residual democratic idealism is being compromised consistently by a dominant Congressional reaction which itself contains elements so blatantly antagonistic to the fundamental concept of human worth and individual liberties that its outlook is frequently indistinguishable from the fascism the State Department has been condemning for years with mechanical regularity.

The American press is relatively insensitive to the fact that foreign policy is influenced by the most conservative men in Congress rather than by its liberals. But Democratic forces throughout the world will not miss the note of hypocrisy in the statement of Senator Taft, the noted civil libertarian: "It is vitally important that the State Department instruct our representative to vote in the General Assembly in favor of approving diplomatic relations with Spain. . . . I see no reason why an Export-Import Bank loan should not be made to cover the shipment of cotton and wheat at this time." We may not see the irony implicit in the minstrel-show patter of Senators Bridges and Brewster in favor of dealings with Franco, but the democratic world at large does not miss this element in our position, though the daily record of the Senate may never reach them.

PARTISANS of the far right and the far left have had many contemptuous things to say—through the hundred years or more in which the modern political development has been in process—about the relative indefiniteness of the liberal position and about the dilemmas which liberals often face in choosing a course of action based upon the merits of a question rather than upon its reference to absolute political dogmas or to the perpetual crusades which divide them. Such a dilemma seemed very substantial this week. It was illustrated by the fact that the A. D. A., dynamically anti-Communist in direction, led the protest in Washington against the crystallizing Spanish deal. It was further illustrated by the fact that the Soviet delegation led the protest in the U. N. plenary session on Long Island—while American diplomats engaged in ill-concealed lobbying for Franco.

At the conference and at the plenary sessions, some of which I attended this week, the dilemma seemed weighty, and the ill-concealed hypocrisy very unpalatable. Later at a Russian biographical movie on Broadway—a piece of propaganda for "Lysenkoism"—I learned more about what to subscribe to in order to avoid such dilemmas. The current issue of the Communist *Masses and Mainstream* states that there exist a bourgeois science and a proletarian science and "those serving the first serve that which is decayed and retrogressive, that which is subjective and false; those serving the second are serving that which is vital and progressive, that which is objective and true." The movie—wonderfully acted—was based on the life of Ivan Michurin, a great practical plant breeder who died in 1939, on whose rule-of-thumb grafting experiments and anti-scientific prejudices "Lysenkoism" is based. This dogma denies and seeks to obliterate scientific genetics. Why? Perhaps no one outside Russia fully knows. Professor H. J. Muller believes it is to lay the theoretical basis for a Russian master-race movement in politics. The London *Economist* in a recent analysis indicates that an agricultural controversy is involved, and that Lysenko has promised what standard geneticists have failed to produce in twenty years—a suitable grass for a huge reclamation project in the arid steppes. At any rate, the Lysenko-Michurin dogma dismisses the scientific basis of genetics at a time when nuclear physicists—figures like Irwin Schroedinger, whose pragmatic probability equations figured ultimately in the mathematics of the atomic bomb—are supporting and proving the hypotheses of genetics with observed data. At the University of Southern California genes were recently photographed by means of the electronic microscope. Perhaps no self-monitoring Communist intellect can appreciate how completely the corruption of genetics and other disciplines vitiates the party claims of "scientific socialism."

When one reflects on the State Department's masquerade and the apotheosis of the Communist Party élite, habeas corpus is seen in clearer light. Its importance is not in the pro-fascist policies which it can be made to justify but in the principle itself. It is a technique to break down and apportion the authority of man over man; to protect the individual from the tyranny of human nature. The strongest element of the liberal philosophy is that which stands or falls with this principle. At this basic level there is no dilemma.

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Del Vayo—Anglo-American Teamwork

Lake Success, May 14

THE meeting of the General Assembly is almost over. Contrary to the tendency of certain perfectionists in the liberal camp to underestimate the practical value of the United Nations as an instrument of peace, the session just ending adds to the record of the institution two accomplishments of the greatest importance: the agreement concerning Berlin and the admission of Israel. The Berlin agreement, while not negotiated on the floor of the Assembly, was certainly negotiated within the framework of the United Nations. Its principal protagonists were not the ambassadors in Washington but the delegates to the General Assembly, Dr. Jessup and Mr. Malik. The admission of Israel signifies a triumph of justice over international intrigue, a triumph for the rights of the Jewish people over the oil interests.

The importance of the United Nations is not to be minimized, and every true friend of peace will work to increase its authority and will reject the intellectual snobbery of those who wish to replace it by a world government founded on the progressivist ardor of the Pen Club internationalists. But having said this, it is necessary to denounce the maneuvers of those who would utilize the U. N. for the benefit of their private interests. The session just ended has been dominated by a collaboration directed toward the maintenance of Anglo-American supremacy in the control of world affairs and in the paternalistic protection of backward countries and colonies that have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves, as India has done.

It was precisely the question of the former Italian colonies that most clearly revealed the technique of making world-power policies prevail over principles of justice by means of all sorts of combinations and "deals." The Political Committee was made the stage for a parade of representatives of colonial peoples. At times their voices rose, violent and threatening, against any attempt to subject them again to former colonial regimes; at other times it was unpleasant to see the delegates laugh as poor Somalis, imported for the purpose of singing the praises of the colonial system, failed to answer questions about the juridical process in their country. The British and Americans were so certain of the votes necessary to put through their plan to divide the administration of the Italian colonies among Great Britain, France, Italy—and, for the sake of appearances, Ethiopia—that they were not disturbed by the testimony of these natives.

The resolution presented by India, on the basis of its own long experience, was the best among all those submitted. Without granting immediate independence it took into account the general trend toward independence that stamps the twentieth century as the era of revolt against colonial imperialism. It was rejected.

Concerning the admission of Israel, a superficial analysis shows a difference between the conduct of the United States and that of Great Britain. But those who watched carefully the maneuvering in the plenary meeting of the Assembly and later in the Ad Hoc Committee know that though the position of the United States was correct and favored Israel, Israel might have had to wait until fall to be admitted if it had had to rely on the active support of the American delegation. In lining up the votes in support of admission, the United States played no part whatever. The vote resulted from the good judgment of the delegates themselves plus the energetic efforts of Australia and Israel.

But it was, above all, the case of Franco Spain that made abundantly clear what may be expected from the predominance in the U. N. of the United States and Great Britain. The delegates and public opinion here faced a most disturbing case of double-dealing, in which verbal declarations with a democratic ring were contradicted by actions designed to serve the cause of the Spanish fascist regime. The first thing that those who study objectively the record of the Assembly will remark is that the resolution in favor of Franco had Brazil as its initiator and its most obstinate advocate. In the diplomatic history of the past twenty years Brazil has never moved a finger on any fundamental question without the approval of Washington. In effect, the resolution offered by Brazil, Bolivia, Colombia, and Peru was a resolution of the United States.

A careful reading of the speeches on Spain in the Political Committee shows that both the United States and Britain consider the Nazi record of Franco a thing of the past. The Anglo-American combination, itself abstaining from voting on the Brazilian resolution and working for the abstention of other countries, was visibly seeking to reduce the number of votes required to assure the necessary two-thirds. It is to the credit of correspondents like Hamilton and Kennedy of the New York *Times* and Hohenberg of the New York *Post* that these maneuvers were honestly recorded.

When, under pressure of public opinion, Secretary of State Acheson published his important declaration on Spain, it might have been expected that the intense lobbying engaged in by the United States and Britain would instantly cease. That declaration had been reinforced by a remarkable article by Mrs. Roosevelt in which she deplored the moral victory won by Franco in the Political Committee, to which the American delegation, of which she forms a part, had contributed. The lobbying did not cease, but as these lines are written, it looks as if the Brazilian resolution would finally be defeated.

President Truman in his message to Congress complained that the United Nations was not as effective as the world had expected. Criticism, however, should not be limited to an attack on Russia's excessive use of the veto; it should also be directed against the great harm done by Anglo-American support of an order that is contrary to the march of history.

One often hears the complaint that the Russians and their associates use the United Nations for propaganda. It is true. But no article of the Charter prevents the United States and Great Britain from counteracting this with a still more effective form of propaganda—that of taking a progressive instead of a reactionary stand on controversial political issues.

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Billions for Brass

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

Washington, May 12

THE traditional awe with which a grateful nation regards its victorious generals has recently been considerably modified by events here in Washington. The military prestige of the generals is still reasonably high—after all, we won the war, didn't we?—but the economic sagacity of these gentlemen is now being questioned even by ardent patriots. The Hoover Commission did not surprise students of government when it charged that there has been staggering waste in the military establishment and that at least a billion and a half dollars a year could be saved with circumspect management. Now a great many taxpayers are beginning to realize that when a general or an admiral recommends a certain expenditure as "necessary for the national defense," he is speaking in at least three capacities—as a commander, as a technician, and as the representative of a military machine which operates on the good old trade-union principle of demanding all that the traffic will bear.

War conceals the worst economic blunders of the military men. When soldiers are dying, the tendency of the average taxpayer is to say, "Hang the cost and get on with the battle." Even when war is over, the waste of billions during the fighting years is usually condoned on the theory that war puts such abnormal strains on human capacity that sound financial management cannot be required of its leaders. A waste of billions in war time, a waste of an amount that would completely discredit a civilian leader in peace time, is passed over casually as an incidental weakness of human judgment.

There are signs that this tolerance for waste will not apply to future peace-time budgets. At least the American taxpayer is getting restless. At a time of falling prices, increased unemployment, and a prospective federal deficit of a billion dollars, he has been handed the largest peace-time military budget in the history of the world, $15,900,000,000, plus at least $1,450,000,000 for European rearmament. In the public hearings before Congressional committees the military men have failed to justify their demands with the kind of evidence that the anxious taxpayer is looking for. They have failed to prove that the kind of war they propose to fight is the most economical kind that will win. Most important of all, they have not indicated that they have the kind of responsible financial judgment which would justify them in asking for $15,000,000,000.

HERE are some of the bungles, bobbles, and financial sleight-of-hand deals of the top brass that have recently come to light on or off the record, most of them documented either in the 2,983-page record of the hearings of the House Subcommittee on Armed Services Appropriations or the task-force reports made to the Hoover Commission.

Duplication and rivalry. In spite of the much-advertised elimination of overlapping agencies under Secretary Louis Johnson, the duplication in the military establishment continues to be appalling. The agencies which Johnson so conspicuously abolished on two occasions in April were largely obsolete committees which had long ago ceased to function. The army, the navy, and the air force are still procuring their own guided missiles, and doing their own departmental development of those missiles. We are still paying for four intelligence organizations, all largely dominated by military men—Central Intelligence, Army Intelligence, Navy Intelligence, and Air Intelligence. In spite of some cooperation, each separate department in the military establishment still controls its own research funds.

We are spending $331,000,000 for an army reserve, a navy reserve, and an air-force reserve, an army National Guard and an air-force National Guard, while 718 National Guard armories, used exclusively by one agency for a few days a month, are available to but unused by the rival reserves. In the meantime, because of log-rolling by state and military politicians, we are about to spend $10,000,000 for new armories.

There is another kind of basic duplication which few legislators have the courage to mention. One Representative, Boyd Tackett of Arkansas, an enlisted man in World War II, was greeted with shocked silence when he stood up during the debate on military appropriations and said:

> I say that systematic duplications in all the armed forces are costing us more than double the amount necessary for the defense of this country. There is less democracy in our armed forces than in any other department of our government, and I venture to say that there is less democracy in our armed forces than in the armed forces of our enemies. Why the necessity of duplicating facilities for officers and enlisted men is a

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PAUL BLANSHARD is the author of "Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean" and the recently published "American Freedom and Catholic Power." A second article by him, The Taxpayers Squint at Twenty-three Billion Dollars, will be published shortly.

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> question that no man in this House can answer. The officer and the enlisted man have separate eating quarters, separate drinking fountains, separate latrines, separate barracks, and separate everything else as though the officers and the enlisted men constituted separate armies. . . .
>
> These duplicated facilities in every branch of the armed forces cost this government millions of dollars each year, and this Congress hesitates to advise the big brass to cut out the Boy Scout tactics.

Pencils, mops, and ball bearings. The military establishment has $27,000,000,000 worth of goods and supplies in storage, but for years the army, navy, and air force have been maintaining different and unsystematized numbers, names, and classifications for these supplies. So at any one moment several million dollars' worth of supplies are "lost" in the forest of defective cataloguing, and airplanes have been sent across the continent for emergency articles which were comfortably reposing in a nearby bin under a strange letter or cipher. The navy alone had 252,000 designations for ball bearings, now reduced after long labor to 8,500. A purple pencil can still have six different designations, depending upon its functional allocation in the military maze. A bolt, mop, or plate in one branch of the service may be called something quite different in another, and the variations in specifications are almost as confusing.

Faced with severe criticism, the armed services are now spending $17,000,000 in one year to straighten out the mess, and it is believed that there will be an annual saving of at least $20,000,000 from the effort, but the average taxpayer will wonder why this job was so long delayed. The brass still opposes the consignment of this type of problem to civilian control, although the inquiries of the Hoover Commission showed that proper civilian purchasing might save 20 per cent on costs. Russell Forbes, formerly New York City's Commissioner of Purchase, who wrote the task-force report on supply for the Hoover Commission, recommended a beginning of civilian control over the vast world of "military" supplies by suggesting the purchase of "common-use," non-military articles—about one billion dollars a year—through a centralized civilian agency, but even this modest suggestion never won adoption by the Hoover Commission.

Air-force teeth. Here is some comic relief. Air-force contracts for dental work under the proposed 1950 budget call for an average dental expenditure of $67 for each new enlisted man in his first year. An average allowance of $6 each for seven fillings is made, although these recruits are supposed to be the pick of the nation. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care estimated $10.70 as a reasonable, average annual dental bill for complete care at the level of 1929 costs. If we double that for 1949 levels, and add 50 per cent for extra first-year coverage, the military bill still seems twice too much.

Waste in surpluses. About nine billion dollars' worth of war surpluses, even in a period of rising prices, have been sold at less than 20 cents on the cost dollar. In selling as scrap seven to eight million tons of ammunition scattered throughout the world, we are receiving only $1 for each 50 cents that it costs to *make the sales*. Again and again the government has sold surpluses in the open market, under business pressure—or given them to foreign countries—and then been compelled to buy similar commodities in the open market at a much higher price. At the present time the armed forces are buying exterior paint, for example, while many merchants on the Eastern seaboard are advertising large stocks of "surplus army" paint far below the market price.

More serious than this type of waste is the failure of the army to prevent the profiteering in surpluses by pro-fascist elements in Europe. Juan March, Spanish friend of Franco, is reported to have acquired 3,200 surplus army trucks in Germany for about $500 each and sold them in Spain for $3,000 each. Somewhere there are still about 60,000 tanks produced during the war and not in the possession of the army at the end of the war, of which the army has no record whatever.

The super-super-carrier. This white elephant deserves even more publicity than it has received because its story shows how the military can deceive Congress by incomplete statements or by ambiguous silence. It has been written up as a bone in a departmental dog-fight; it is more nearly a symptom of fatal financial sickness.

The 65,000-ton United States, the largest aircraft carrier in world history, was abandoned by order of Secretary Louis Johnson on April 23 after the navy had hurriedly laid its keel. It was officially supposed to cost about $188,000,000, with armament, but nobody outside the navy accepted that figure, and several non-navy estimates for ship and planes ran up to $1,000,000,000. Probably $400,000,000 was a fair guess as to its cost.

Four hundred million dollars in taxpayers' money, sitting like a prize duck on the water, would have offered a tempting target for demolition by one well-placed atomic bomb. When the enterprise was finally brought out for thorough ventilation, even the most optimistic navy advocates began to have some doubts. When the President and Secretary Johnson finally killed the project, many air-force insiders contended that B-29's and the new B-36's could have taken off from its decks but could never have returned. In any case, the monster would have had no practical use for several years, until it was completed, and in the meantime great progress has been reported in the expansion of the range of land-based

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bombers and in the development of guided missiles. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the whole project was a desperate and extravagant attempt by the navy brass to preserve intact their threatened role in national defense.

The Washington *Post* has pointed out that the navy testified to Congress last year that this super-carrier had been cleared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but that actually the air force had never cleared it, and that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had never given specific sanction. It is now apparent that whatever sanction was given lacked that essential which the lawyers call "reality of consent."

The débâcle of the draft. When current, standby expenses are included, the cost of the disastrous Selective Service law of 1948 averaged more than $1,000 each for every man drafted into the army through its provisions —over $30,000,000 for approximately 30,000 men accepted up to February 1, when the scheme was suspended. Only the army used the draft; the navy and the air force would have none of it. When the draft actually began, 127,000 volunteers were accepted, and for a time six out of seven of the volunteers were being rejected. All branches of the service were similarly flooded with volunteers, and a very large proportion were men who would not have been subject to the draft in any case. Secretary Royall admitted that during the three-month period there were 17,000 to 18,000 army reenlistments of men who would not have been subject to compulsion under the draft—the highest record of reenlistments made by any military service of any nation in peace time.

These samples of brass-hat judgment naturally increase the skepticism of the American taxpayer about the necessity of the largest budget in peace-time history. Can it be that our brass hats are fundamentally irresponsible in economic matters? I do not think so, but I think they are caught in an irresponsible *system* of waste, which I will attempt to discuss in my next article.

The Crumbling Kuomintang

BY ANDREW ROTH

Shanghai, May

THE current offensive of the Chinese Communists promises to amputate large chunks of Kuomintang territory and add tens of millions of people to the two hundred million already under Communist rule. This offensive, however, is not likely to be the "final conflict" for China. The million men in the Communists' striking army can certainly knife through the Nationalist armies in their path, but the main Communist armies are a thousand miles from the southern China border and three thousand miles from the inner Asian frontier. When the present advance grinds to a halt, its supply of men, food, and munitions exhausted, the Communists will still have to contend with at least a rump Kuomintang government in parts of southeastern China and Formosa.

It will then be necessary to shift again from military to political warfare, just as in the recent three-month "strange interlude"—the period between Chiang Kai-shek's "retirement" on January 21 and the resumption of fighting on April 21. A review of this badly misunderstood period will help to clarify the alignments within the Kuomintang, the attitude of the Communists, and Chiang Kai-shek's "return" to power.

When the Generalissimo reluctantly retired from the Presidency in favor of Li Tsung-jen on January 21, he was retreating before the people's overwhelming desire for peace, the widespread criticism of his catastrophic military leadership, and the prodding of certain high officials who wanted to make a "deal" with the Communists or at least gain a breathing period while negotiations were going on. Chiang's "retirement" to the small town of Chikow in his native Chekiang was merely strategic, not a yielding of power. He retained his position as Director General of the Kuomintang. He made Tang En-po, an incredibly corrupt, reactionary, and ineffective general but a loyal Chiang man, commander of the Shanghai-Nanking area. He filled political, military, and secret-police positions in Formosa, Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung with his supporters. Almost all the government's small hoard of specie and its air force he transferred to Formosa or nearby ports.

Chiang's continued influence was indicated by the traffic to his rural retreat. During the first weeks two planes shuttled back and forth bearing his messages. Then a powerful transmitter was set up, and he kept in constant contact with the National Defense Ministry. His basic strategy may be summarized as follows: it is impossible to deal with the Communists and therefore every effort must be made to fight them, above ground or underground; withdrawal should be toward the southeast and finally to the island of Formosa (Taiwan); an underground should be left behind to make trouble for the reds. Chiang is said to expect that conditions in

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the country will show improvement at first after the reds take over because military expenditures will cease but that they will deteriorate later because the Communists lack administrative experience. He seems convinced that World War III will break out within two years and that then, with United States help, it will be relatively easy for him to return from Formosa.

GENERAL Li Tsung-jen, whom Chiang left as Acting President, represents another element in the Kuomintang. He and General Pai Chung-hsi are members of the "Kwangsi clique." They revolted against Chiang in 1933 and 1936, and last year Li won the office of Vice-President against the President's candidate, Sun Fo. Li's view is that the forces of Chinese conservatism represented by the Kuomintang have a better chance to survive if they join the Communists, even as junior partners, than if they fight them. He thinks also that it is important to effect political reforms in order to cut the ground from under the Communists. His views have had the support of the United States embassy, which has wanted to further the "crossing over" of as large a section of the Kuomintang as possible to serve as a fulcrum for influence in a Communist-dominated China.

Acting President Li has never had enough control of the government apparatus to carry out his plans. He announced, for example, that political prisoners would be released and the hated secret police disbanded. But Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who has been under arrest since he kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek in 1937 to persuade him to fight the Japanese, was not released. He was in the custody of the secret police, who take orders only from the Generalissimo himself, and the "Gimo" obviously said "no." No political prisoners have been released in Shanghai or anywhere else where Chiang's writ still runs. Thus Li's flexible conservatism has not been able to exceed the limits set by Chiang's diehard reactionaries. This was shown conclusively when a Nanking editor was jailed and his paper banned for suggesting that Chiang leave the country and stop meddling in politics.

The Kuomintang's split personality was dramatized when former Premier Sun Fo decamped with part of the government to Canton. Sun Fo, a corrupt and reactionary opportunist, took this step in an effort to bring the government round to his view that it should retreat to the southeast with the three fighting services and await rescue in the form of the outbreak of World War III. It is significant that Sun Fo visited Chiang at Chikow before going to Canton.

Sun Fo's replacement as Premier by General Ho Ying-chin partially healed the rift between the two parties in the Kuomintang. Ho Ying-chin, former Defense Minister and Chief of Staff and leader of the dominant "Whampoa clique" of generals, is an old-style reactionary whose pro-Japanese and anti-Communist record is well known.

Acting President Li Tsung-jen

Whatever the differences of opinion in the Kuomintang over the best strategy for preserving the status quo in China, there was no disagreement on the need for strengthening and reorganizing the Nationalist army. But the desire of the people for peace flared into spontaneous peace councils and anti-conscription movements, and the Kuomintang could not swim against the current. The defections which were rife in the army spread to the air force and navy. Almost every week another plane or two went over to the Communists despite the fact that many families of air-force personnel were kept as virtual hostages on Formosa. Desertions in the navy reached a climax when the British-built cruiser Chungking, the pride of the navy, sailed for a Communist port. Gold yuan dropped in value so fast that people spent much of their time trying to turn this nearly worthless paper into hard currency or goods.

THE Communist leaders never trusted the Kuomintang's peace overtures. Their suspicions were voiced by Mao Tse-tung in this remark: "Their mouths are reading aloud the Communists' eight points, their hands are shielding the war criminals, their eyes are looking toward the United States, and their feet are walking in the direction of Canton." Nevertheless, the Communists could not ignore the peace hunger of the great majority of Chinese. And since peace talks did not interfere with their military plans, they permitted them. When they reached the north bank of the Yangtze after the great victory at Hsuchow, they had temporarily exhausted their offensive strength. At bottom their armies depend on dribbles of food from tens of thousands of villages, brought forward mostly by animal-drawn carts. Usually they have needed about three months to recoup after each two-month offensive. At this stage they also needed time to recruit and train officials to take over the complex administration of Nanking, Shanghai, and other expected prizes.

The Communists entered the negotiations convinced (1) that they had the military strength to knock out the Kuomintang and consolidate China before the end of 1949; (2) that few of the Kuomintang leaders would willingly accept the overthrow of the status quo

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which the Communist victory represented; (3) that some of the Kuomintang leaders, particularly those around Li Tsung-jen, might try, with American support, to "sneak into the revolutionary camp . . . and disrupt the forces of revolution"; (4) that the Kuomintang wanted peace negotiations to gain time for defense preparations while waiting for a shift in American policy that would bring them large-scale aid. These beliefs led Mao Tse-tung to announce his formidable "eight conditions" for peace.

Acting President Li accepted the Communist conditions as the basis of peace talks. His strategy was to spend a long time arguing in the hope that the Communists' economic difficulties and the widespread popular longing for peace would cause a modification of their terms. His object was to obtain a "reasonable" peace which would leave the Kuomintang in de facto control of South China, even if the Communists got the top posts in a coalition government.

This compromise idea was not acceptable to a majority of the Nationalist leaders. Their view was expressed in a directive issued by the diehard propaganda department of the Kuomintang on March 31, the eve of negotiations: "We must not acknowledge that our present defeat is final. The anti-Communist struggle in China is only a part of the world anti-Communist struggle. . . . Therefore our defeat today is only a ripple on the course of the general struggle. . . . Only our capitulation to the Communist Party will spell our final defeat." The directive promised to "carry on the struggle unremittingly" even after all China was under Communist control.

FROM the outset the Communists attempted to get the flexible conservatives around Li to abandon the diehard reactionaries around Chiang. They noted bitterly that the chief negotiator, Chang Chih-chung, visited Chiang in Chikow before starting for the peace talks in Peiping. Just as the peace negotiators took off from Nanking on April 1 a student demonstration was broken up and several students were killed. The Communist radio crackled that this "Nanking massacre" showed that the Li government "was absolutely incapable of keeping Chiang Kai-shek and his confederates under control, even within the gates of its capital." The Generalissimo, it asserted, "refused to let Acting President Li have silver to pay his troops."

On April 1 General Fu Tso-yi, who had surrendered Peiping peacefully to the Communists, sent out a telegram proclaiming his support for the Communists and urging "all Kuomintang and government personnel with patriotic feelings" to follow his lead. Mao Tse-tung said that this act was "very good and should be welcomed" and that the Communists would show clemency to other former "war criminals" who "earnestly repented and really showed it with deeds." In the Peiping negotiations Mao promised a three-way division of the new government: the Communists taking a third of the posts, with himself as chairman; Communist-approved Kuomintang leaders taking another third, with Li Tsung-jen as vice-chairman, and Communist-approved "democratic personalities" taking the remaining third, with Marshal Li Chi-sen of the "Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee" as second vice-chairman. A new People's Consultative Council, he said, would be convened to draw up a new constitution, lay down principles for abrogating "national betrayal" treaties, and carry out others of the "eight points."

All this was made conditional on the Nationalists permitting the Communists to cross the Yangtze peacefully in order to "reorganize" Nationalist army units into the Communist army. Both sides knew that the Communists could not be prevented from crossing. And both knew that while Li controlled the 200,000 troops in the Hankow area under his partner Pai Chung-hsi, he could not control the 300,000 troops of Chiang's henchman, Tang En-po, in the Nanking-Shanghai area. The question therefore, was whether Li and Pai would go along with the Communists and allow them to cross the Yangtze to fight Tang En-po.

After two delays the Communists demanded an answer by April 20. The eleven-man Kuomintang committee empowered to decide met on the day before and wrangled long into the night. Li was reported to favor accepting the Communists' terms and to have argued: "If we fight the Communists, we are completely finished. If we accept their terms, maybe we can save something." The diehard opposition was led by Chang Chi-chung. In the final vote Li was supported only by Pai Chung-hsi and one or two others. The surrender terms were turned down. On April 21 the Communists attacked.

The resumption of military warfare, however, did not obliterate politics. The two leading Kuomintang negotiators, Chang Chih-chung and Shao Li-tze, decided to stay in Peiping, apparently throwing in their lot with the Communists. Acting President Li and Premier Ho flew to Hangchow to confer with the Generalissimo. Li, his policy defeated, wanted to resign, but Chiang was unwilling to let him escape from the official family. So Chiang transferred all power to the Premier and left Li with merely the title of Acting President.

Back in Nanking, Li had just time to pack his bags before the Communists marched in. His plane took off supposedly for Canton but actually for Kweilin, in his home province of Kwangsi. Pai Chung-hsi, with his 200,000 troops, is also retreating in that direction. On their own terrain Li and Pai apparently feel they can make a deal with the Communists and leave Chiang Kai-shek and Ho Ying-chin to batter their stubborn heads against the conquering red army.

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Muscle-bound America

BY A. G. MEZERIK

IV. Shortages at the Grass Roots

THE farmers of America have suffered from a shortage of fertilizer for over forty years, and no relief is in sight. Since fertilizer is the key to sustained food production, people in the cities as well as on the farms are affected. The cause of the shortage, as of others which I have discussed in these pages, is the restriction of industrial capacity in the interest of a few monopoly corporations.

In 1906 the Department of Justice brought the first of many actions against the sixty-one fertilizer companies which had divided the country's agricultural regions into exclusive marketing baronies. Each manufacturer sold at the same rigged price; all made huge profits. But only prices and profits were high. The quality of the product was low, and still is—kept so deliberately. The output was low, and still is—carefully held below demand.

That the anti-trust action had no effect was obvious a decade later. The fertilizer industry had undergone some changes, but they were not for the better. Seven companies now dominated it. Competition was of course non-existent. High and uniform prices prevailed everywhere. Another decade passed, and in 1926 criminal action was brought against the big eight (one company had been added). Pleas of *nolo contendere*—"We won't say we did it and we won't say we didn't"—were entered, and fines aggregating $90,500 were imposed.

In 1941 came another instalment in this serial. The characters were still the big eight, plus their satellites and their trade association. The charges and the pleas were the same; the fines were larger, aggregating $259,852—a minute nuisance tax on the companies' enormous profits.

Forty-three years of collusion, manipulation, price fixing, division of markets, enforcement of inferior quality, and restriction of production have paid off well for the giants of the industry. The farmers have done the paying. In bad times they use less fertilizer than they should to maintain the productivity of the soil, for fertilizer prices do not drop with farm incomes. In good times, when they have the money, the industry's inadequate facilities cannot begin to meet the demand.

The farmers have known what was going on and have put up a continuing fight. In the early thirties Senator George Norris insistently demanded that the government become a direct producer of fertilizer at Muscle Shoals. Congress passed the Norris resolution for a government-owned fertilizer plant not once but twice—only to have it go down each time under a Presidential veto. Victory in this long fight came sixteen years ago when the New Deal created the Tennessee Valley Authority, charged, among other things, with developing a fertilizer program for the benefit of farmers. The electric furnaces at TVA now process phosphate rock into mineral fertilizers which are much more concentrated and effective than any ever produced by the fertilizer interests.

To test the efficacy of its product TVA long ago worked out, in cooperation with state and county agricultural agencies, its famous program of demonstration farms. Certain farmers, chosen by their neighbors, receive fertilizer from TVA in return for practicing new systems of farm management which emphasize the conservation of soil and water made possible by the use of phosphate. TVA is forbidden to sell its fertilizers. Its function is to show how a good product can be produced and how it should be applied.

The fertilizer industry, however, has not been persuaded to adopt TVA methods or quality standards. Ben Stong of the National Farmers' Union, leader in the fight to overcome the fertilizer shortage, told a House Agricultural Subcommittee on March 15 that the fertilizer industry does "not permit manipulators and distributors to sell high-analysis materials direct to farmers." Artificial limitations on the form in which the farmer is forced to buy fertilizer and on its quality, Stong said, "result in costs of $2 per acre for fertilization instead of 50 cents."

The fertilizer men, like their opposite numbers in the power, steel, and petroleum industries, say that everything is under control—or will be—because supply is on the verge of catching up with demand. This will happen in 1949 only if the farmer is unable to buy fertilizer because the price is too high or because his purchasing power has dropped. Fertilizers, particularly phosphates, are not being produced in a quantity sufficient to meet the real need. The supply for 1949 is estimated at three-quarters of a million tons less than farmers wanted to buy two years ago. The inadequacy of the amount can be shown in another way. A special committee of the Association of Land Grant Colleges has set national requirements, in humid areas only, at

In previous articles Mr. Mezerik has discussed existing and threatened shortages in power, steel, and oil. This is the last article of the series.

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6,800,000 tons of phosphates. Of this amount almost 4,500,000 tons are needed simply to make up for the annual depletion of phosphates in the soil due to cropping and erosion. Total production for 1949 is figured at 2,100,000 tons—not enough to cover depletion, much less to increase fertility.

RURAL America suffers also from the national shortage of industrial capacity to produce equipment for electrification. The farmer's ability to use labor-saving devices is directly affected. Not long ago a shabby, workworn, elderly couple walked into the office of the Rural Electrification Administration Co-op unit in Arkansas. Diffidently they asked, "Why don't the lines come to our farm?" The harassed system manager tried to explain, "We aren't able to get the wire and the transformers; it is taking much longer than we dreamed." "How much longer will it be?" the old farmer asked. The manager reluctantly made an estimate, "About three years." The old man's lip quivered. "I wonder if we will live that long," he said, as he turned away. The old couple can get the power they need only when Rural Electrification Co-ops can get aluminum conductor. Right now twenty thousand miles of poles on rural electric lines stand without wire. More than forty thousand farmers are waiting for lines to be hooked up to their houses and barns. Brooders, deep-freeze units, and hay driers stand useless.

Not long ago the RE Co-ops were unable to procure even the poles. The national organization of electric cooperatives studied this shortage and learned its reason. Wood for poles existed in plenty; industrial capacity to process them did not. The cooperatives found their way around the obstacle by financing the expansion of processing plants. Now they have discovered that the shortage of aluminum wire is not due to a lack of the raw material but to lack of ingot capacity in the industry. To break this bottleneck, the farmers themselves, through their cooperatives, have agreed to finance the expansion of the Reynolds Metals Company to the tune of $6,000,000, in return for a guaranteed continuing supply of the essential conductor wire.

In becoming suppliers of capital to private industrialists on this large scale the RE Co-ops were actuated by a compelling necessity to break the shortage in industrial capacity which was crippling them. They entered into their agreement with Reynolds in February of this year, just as the press was beginning to report that all shortages were suddenly turning into surpluses. From bitter experience the operators of the rural electric systems know that the shortage era is not over.

Not one locality in the entire country has enough excess electric power to instal one additional aluminum factory. The companies which make electrical generating equipment are years behind in filling orders. These manufacturers argue that new capacity would not supply more finished goods unless more heavy steel plate, sheet tubes, and pipe were available—and these are unobtainable because of the steel shortage. No one expands sufficiently; everyone blames the other fellow. Lack of excess power capacity has not only brought dimouts and rationed electricity but held back the sale of appliances and equipment which might now be producing wealth. The power shortage nipped in the bud the industrial growth of the Northwest.

Most of our thinking is directed to supplying present needs. But the problem is larger than that. In order to raise our standard of living it is necessary to create new demands, and then to meet them. Increased consumption in the home and on the farm is desirable, as is the fulfilment of new requirements for synthetic fuel, the promotion of railroad electrification, new demands for power in industry resulting from more mechanization. Constricting the market for the sake of profits for the few means lack of jobs for the many. The rate at which our industrial system can absorb new workers has already slackened perceptibly. In February, 1949, more people were employed than in any other February in history, but 3,200,000 workers were unsuccessfully seeking jobs; 1,000,000 of these were entering the labor market for the first time. For them no jobs and no hope of jobs unless factories expand to keep up with our growing population.

The anti-trust laws have failed to save the country from the situation in which it now finds itself. A new approach is essential—encouraging expansion and competition by guaranteeing that margins of capacity will exist. The cost of maintaining modest margins of capacity is not substantial. Where industry cannot or will not stand those costs, the government should bear them. Where competition does not exist, the government must take part of the responsibility for decisions which will open new markets, create new products, and reduce prices. Until more industrial capacity is built, we shall live in an era of shortages—in business opportunity, in soil enrichment, and in the necessities of living. These are, indeed, shortages at the grass roots.

The relationship between our underground resources and our industrial capacity grows closer as high-grade deposits are exhausted. As the supply of petroleum diminishes, huge plants for the making of synthetic oil from shale or gas become imperative. As top-quality iron and copper ores are used up, low-grade ores must be processed. On the surface of the land the tie with industry is equally intimate. One remedy for the exhaustion of crop lands is fertilizer, but the production of phosphates and nitrogen requires great new factories. As our national resources diminish, our industrial capacity must increase or we shall remain what we now are—muscle-bound.

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Poland 1949

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

I. Shortages and Schisms

Warsaw, May

AT FIRST sight Poland is still a very different country from earnest Czechoslovakia, where they diligently study Marx and Lenin and take it all very solemnly. The day I arrived in Warsaw—it happened to be April 1—I bought a copy of *Szpilki*, the comic paper, and found it an uproarious All-Fools' Day skit on the more sensational of the Warsaw evening papers. It led with a banner headline: "HITLER IS STILL ALIVE"; then, in tiny print, "in the hearts of all true Social Democrats of western Germany." The story was a description of the "mass-meeting of the 1,243 Prime Ministers of western Germany in the Sturmbannführerbierwalhalle in Frankfurt." Gosh, I thought to myself, this makes you feel as if you were back in Western Europe—how like the *Canard Enchaîné*, and how like *Beachcomber!* Sturmbannführerbierwalhalle was a peach of a Beachcomberism. And then somebody told me they had had a wonderful April-fool hoax on the Warsaw radio that morning, with brass bands playing the Polish anthem and "God Save the King," and Mr. Churchill, a fugitive from Yank-invaded England, making a speech at the Warsaw airfield announcing that he had come to freedom-loving Poland to set up a Free British Committee which, together with "our gallant Polish and Russian allies," would fight the malignant Yanks till the freedom of England was restored.

However, I soon discovered that this light-hearted approach was not really typical of present-day Poland, though there is, I daresay, a good deal more laughter and joking in Warsaw than in Prague. The country is passing through what is called "a difficult transition stage." A year ago Poland was admired, even by bitter enemies of the regime at home and abroad, for the remarkable progress it had made in reconstruction, but this is not going quite so smoothly now. The total abolition of rationing in January has not proved an unqualified success; the frequent meat and fat shortages are a source of widespread irritation. In Warsaw one even hears stories—how true is hard to say—of a number of unofficial strikes in the Silesian coal mines.

Since the Merger Congress of last December the Communists have dropped all pretense of sharing authority with any other party; it may not make any great practical difference that there can now be only one opinion "on top" and not two—Premier Cyrankiewicz has apparently become little more than a figurehead—but it does make a certain psychological difference. The strong Polish desire to believe in the existence of "two opinions" perhaps largely accounts for the widespread rumors of a split among the Communists themselves—that there are the "moderates" represented by Minc and the "extremists" represented by Berman and by Minc's principal lieutenant, Eugene Szyr. President Bierut is sometimes described as a Minc man, sometimes as a Berman man; nobody quite knows where he stands. The Minc faction is said to show a greater desire to make allowances for specific Polish conditions and the peculiarities of Polish mentality, and, in rural regions, to stick to the moderate tempo of collectivization insisted on by Minc last August. The Berman faction is supposed to think of Polish socialism as an integral part of a general East European process.

Vice-Premier Minc

JUDGING from the press, this tendency is undoubtedly strong: the papers contain probably a hundred times more references to Marxism and Leninism today than they did a year ago. Also, since the Socialist-Communist merger was effected the Soviet Union is frequently held up to Poland as a model—something that almost never happened before. You pick up a paper and find the Minister of Education going into raptures over the seven-year secondary schools which are to be introduced this year in all the villages of the Soviet Union. Or you read about a meeting of Polish peasants just returned from a visit to the Ukraine, who broke into an ovation at the mention of Stalin, chanting "Sta-lin, Sta-lin, Sta-lin"; one of them even declared, "After visiting the Ukraine I became convinced that in the *kolkhozes* alone can the peasants find true happiness." All this sort of propaganda is new in Poland, as are such articles as

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's *correspondent in Eastern Europe. The second part of this article, to appear next week, will describe the conflict between the Polish government and the Catholic church.*

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those supporting the claim that Russians invented the steam engine, radio, penicillin, and what not. Polish scientists are in a quandary over Lysenko; so far it is still permissible to say that his theories, while debatable in terms of pure science, have real importance for practical agriculture.

That there are plenty of trouble-makers in Poland is quite apparent. If the "underground" lay low for two years after the amnesty, it has become active again now and is widely accused of urging passive resistance on the peasants and frightening them with the prospect of increasing collectivization. The fat and meat shortage, while attributed mainly to the higher living standards of the urban workers, is believed to have been partly due to hoarding by the peasants. Other alleged causes are the stockbreeding carried on by the state farms, the building up of reserves by the army (this is denied by the authorities but everywhere asserted), and exports to the eastern zone of Germany and to Russia itself. How large a part was played by passive resistance among all these real or supposed factors is hard to say, but it is widely reported that the contracts for meat which the government was able to make with producers this spring were rather disappointing. And one of the first things they tell you at the British embassy is that promised Polish deliveries of at least 20,000 tons of bacon during the current year are running far behind schedule.

IT WOULD be absurd to consider the meat and fat shortage a sign of basic weakness. In his long speech on the Six-Year Plan in December, Minc fully explained why such scarcities would be an inevitable accompaniment of Poland's economic transformation. Agriculture, he said, had done remarkably well, but with landholdings "backward and pulverized," production could not fully keep up with industrial development; the pre-war per capita output had been greatly exceeded for all foods except meat and fats, which had reached only 91 per cent of the pre-war level. Minc argued that the workers' real wages were now 10 per cent higher than before the war, adding of course that in France, in October, 1948, they were down to 53 per cent of the pre-war level and in Italy, with at least three million unemployed, conditions were very much worse. Since in addition to higher real wages more members of a family are now wage-earners, the Polish working-class family income is appreciably larger than it was before the war.

As in all Eastern Europe, the working class in Poland is being pampered and flattered. The Six-Year Reconstruction Plan includes a decision to build two-thirds of the 350 projected plants in parts of Poland which are now almost completely rural—such as Bialystok, Lublin, and Olsztyn provinces: "strongholds of socialism must be created there." Even now the face of Poland is rapidly changing. Whereas in 1937 the ratio of agricultural to industrial production was 55 to 45, it is already 36 to 64, and by 1955 will be much more in favor of industry. Naturally, the pace of economic progress, which in the beginning was so spectacular—as the Poles never tire of telling you—that it aroused the enthusiasm of even some extreme right-wing papers in the West, will not be kept up for the six years of the new plan. As Minc said, "Up till now we have been rebuilding, but under the Six-Year Plan we shall be expanding. One obtains a great increase in production much more rapidly when rebuilding destroyed plants than when erecting them from scratch. Under the Six-Year Plan our annual increase will be 11 to 12 per cent, which means almost doubling our output in six years."

Coal will remain the principal industry, without, however, any spectacular rise in output. The second-largest industry will be chemicals, and it will produce three times as much nitrogen fertilizer as now. The third will be textiles. A special effort will be made to increase steel production and the output of machine tools, tractors, and motor vehicles. "Sixty thousand tractors will be supplied to agriculture," according to Minc, and "rural production cooperatives will develop gradually, systematically, and on a strictly voluntary basis." The two statements are, of course, closely connected. It would be a mistake to suppose that all Polish peasants are dead against collectivization: the greater the poverty and overcrowding the greater the inducement to enter a collective, and many parts of Poland are still poor and overcrowded. Nor should all the grumbling and wisecracking one hears in the cafes of Warsaw be accepted as "typically Polish." The present regime is doing its utmost to make the industrial workers conscious of their importance and to turn them into class-one citizens. When things go seriously wrong, as they sometimes do, the government gets fearfully upset and does everything possible to appease the workers and the trade-union bosses. In the Silesian coal mines the food supply and much else went wrong in January, but the government moved heaven and earth to put things right, and by February the revised production targets—they had taken too little account of the fatigue factor—were duly exceeded.

The government realizes, however, that a good deal of resistance of one kind or another remains. Foreign radio broadcasts, which have no importance in Russia, are listened to regularly by the Polish peasants and the bourgeoisie and have considerable influence. For the first time since the war the government has now tackled the church and openly accused "a large part" of the hierarchy and clergy of meddling in politics. This conflict with the church will develop into a major event in Poland before the year is out.

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SO THEY SAID

BY TIM TAYLOR

[*"So They Said," here making its first appearance in* The Nation, *will be a regular feature. Each week Mr. Taylor, originator of the late New York* Star's *"column on columns," will turn a spotlight on the press. He will tell the untold stories of working journalists and criticize or commend their finished product—the newspaper. While he will pay special attention to the columnists, checking their "predictions" in the light of later events, he will also look beneath the surface of political reporting, to spot tendencies and the "slanting" or suppression of news.*]

AN UNQUENCHABLE desire to call a spade a spade, plus loose-jointed management in New York and Paris, has cost M. R. Werner his career as editorial-page columnist for the European Edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*. His weekly feature, "Report from America," is no more.

The decision to drop Werner followed the appearance of a column (March 16) containing certain references to Cardinal Spellman's action in the grave-diggers' strike which have been cited as "in bad taste" by Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Werner's article began:

> John L. Lewis and Cardinal Spellman, scarcely bedfellows, seemed like it last week as they played differing but equally peculiar roles vis-à-vis labor.
>
> Lewis, bombastic and master of economic melodrama, and Spellman, chubby and mellifluous, both did disservice to labor's struggle to hold on to its hard-won rights and privileges.

Other excerpts:

> Equally dictatorial with Lewis's method was Cardinal Spellman's way of breaking the eight-week strike. . . .
>
> The Cardinal issued practically a bull forbidding the Catholic workers to belong to the union they had chosen. . . .
>
> The Cardinal took a leaf from the book of John L. Lewis, though he called it a leaf from the Bible. . . .
>
> He announced that he would not wait for the pending decision of the court . . . but had decided "to make my own decision based upon the dictates of my conscience before the highest and only indisputable law—the law of God." . . .
>
> I don't know about the condition of the Cardinal's conscience at the moment. . . .

It was such instances of editorializing that led the *Herald Tribune* to cancel the "Report from America" series, Mr. Reid said. "It has been our desire to have the European Edition conform to the concept of the home edition," he added. "Mr. Werner's column was becoming too editorial in nature, and his piece about the Cardinal only brought the matter to a head."

Mr. Werner feels this explanation is less than adequate. When he learned that a brief note from Cardinal Spellman complaining of "misstatements of facts" had been received by Mrs. Ogden Reid, president of the *Herald Tribune*, just before the order to discontinue his series was issued, the columnist said it seemed "more than mere coincidence."

> The *Herald Tribune's* quick censorship of itself and myself after receipt of this note [Mr. Werner added] seems to me a matter of importance. If the article had contained "misstatements of facts," which seems unlikely inasmuch as my facts came from accounts carried in the *Herald Tribune* here, a correction could have been arranged.
>
> I did not criticize Cardinal Spellman as a Catholic or as a churchman, but as an employer.
>
> I have heard that only four or five letters of protest were received by the paper, and if my article were in bad taste, it would follow, I should think, that many more expressions of alarm would have been dispatched. As a matter of fact, a similar number of approving letters came to the Paris office.

Mr. Reid said the Werner articles would have been discontinued whether or not the Cardinal had protested. Letters of protest from readers had no bearing on the case, either, he added.

One fact stands out in this controversy—the Werner articles were rarely blue-penciled during the year and nine months they appeared.

Strong statements of opinion about domestic and international affairs pervaded the Werner reports, and these opinions did not always agree with the editorial stand of the *Herald Tribune*. Yet they were printed as written. A glance at the files bears out Mr. Werner's statement that he "was on a soapbox from the very beginning."

Now, any newspaperman knows you can get away with just so much of this sort of thing—disagreeing with your boss's editorial policies. Mr. Werner must recognize the fact that he had been fortunate to get his views published in a Republican paper, even such a liberal Republican paper as the *Herald Tribune*. The New York office could have availed itself of its right and opportunity to edit the columns but did not. Still, an editor in Paris is paid to perform such tasks. And, remember, the Werner column was the only regular feature dispatched from this country that had not been printed in the New York edition. An editor is expected to read with more than casual attention articles that are likely to meet with the disapproval of his superiors—even if they are 3,000 miles away. This was the job of the editor of the European Edition, Geoffrey Parsons, Jr. Since little editing was done—Werner says only one column was refused—the columnist understandably assumed that the sort of copy published in the past could safely be used as blueprint for the future.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

ALMOST every European visitor to the United States has commented on the American indulgence of children. That Americans have, in fact, pampered and indulged their children, and that the United States has long been a children's paradise is notorious. The explanation is simple enough. Americans are prosperous and can afford to relieve their women and their children from hard work. They live in the future, rather than in the past, and are confident that each new generation, if given the proper start in life, will progress far beyond the present. Almost every father takes for granted that his son, and his daughter, will advance on the social and economic scale. It is no accident that education is the American religion, that Americans build schools to look like cathedrals, and that every generation has seen a proportional increase in the college and university population.

The American preoccupation with children has been reflected in literature, especially in the literature of the past century. It is an important but not sufficiently appreciated fact that the most distinguished contributions to children's literature have come from the Northern peoples—Germans, Scandinavians, and, above all, English. No contribution to this field of literature has been more remarkable than the American, and America has been represented abroad by children rather than by adults—by Little Eva, by Jo and Meg and Beth, by Tom, and Huck Finn. No other country has had magazines to compare with *St. Nicholas* or the *Youth's Companion;* no other, except England, has so self-consciously provided a literature for and about children.

Almost every major American writer has written for children as well as for adults. The list would include Irving and Cooper, Hawthorne, Alcott, Mark Twain, Lanier, Howells, Aldrich, Crane, and many others: even Poe and Melville can be read, with enjoyment, by older children. The list of children's classics is as impressive as that which could be compiled for any other category: "Grandfather's Chair," "Little Women" and "Little Men," "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "The Boy Emigrants," "Cudjo's Cave," the Uncle Remus stories. The twentieth century added to these "Boy Life on the Prairie," "The Court of Boyville," "Penrod," and "Seventeen." Poets, too, from Longfellow and Whittier to Riley and Field and Crane, have written for and about children.

Along with all this, which might be designated highbrow literature, has gone a flood of popular literature for children. Much of this popular literature came in the form of series—most of them now forgotten. Children of the last generation had available the Elsie books, the Little Colonel books, the Tom Swift and the Rover Boys series, the Oz books, the innumerable Ralph Henry Barbour stories, the Mark Tidd books, and dime novels and thrillers by the hundred.

They had available too, it must not be forgotten, almost the whole of adult literature. The nineteenth century drew no sharp distinction between reading for children and for parents. In the kind of household described in the autobiographies of Hamlin Garland or Henry S. Canby children read Dickens and Scott, Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton, Hawthorne, Simms, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Howells, Charles Reade, and Robert Louis Stevenson. If they wanted current books they could turn, safely enough, to historical novels by Winston Churchill or S. Weir Mitchell or Mary Johnston or Paul L. Ford or a dozen other practitioners.

IF WE compare this nineteenth and early twentieth-century situation to that which obtains now, what do we find? First, the line between children's books and adult books is far sharper than in the past. No normal children would now read the leading American or British authors—Thomas Wolfe or Dos Passos or Hemingway or Caldwell or Faulkner; Elizabeth Bowen or Forster or Joyce or Lawrence or Huxley or Waugh. Even historical novels are no longer suitable for children; John Buchan has had no successor.

Perhaps another way of saying this is that our major authors no longer write for young people. Hawthorne, Lanier, Crane did not think it beneath their dignity—or beyond their talents—to turn to children's literature, but the Hemingways and the Faulkners and the Farrells of our day do not find it convenient to do so. There are, to be sure, some exceptions. Dorothy Canfield has given us a classic of children's literature—"Understood Betsy"—and Esther Forbes and Rachel Field, to name but two others, have written charmingly for children. But on the whole specialization has set in here, as in so many other places in our culture.

These two changes are dramatized in a third—the passing of magazines designed especially for children. There are no successors to *St. Nicholas* or *The Youth's Companion* or even to *Boy's Life* and the *American Boy.* Certainly the comics do not preempt this field. Perhaps the closest thing to the old children's magazines is the English *Collins*—and it is not very close.

There are differences, too, in literature written especially for the young, though here generalizations are dangerous. On the whole children's literature tends to be increasingly didactic—thus returning, in a curious way, to the standards of the early nineteenth century. More and more, writers feel under some compulsion to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale. They teach history (Henty did this too, to be sure, and Altscheler); they tell about the latest findings of science; they celebrate professions or vocations; they indoctri-

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nate proper standards of democracy or race relations or whatever is fashionable at the moment. In the juvenile field, as in fiction for adults, the art of telling a story seems to have been lost. There are exceptions to be sure: the "old masters" like Cornelia Meigs or John R. Tunis, like Meader or Pease or Enright, still have the knack of telling a story for its own sake. It is a fairly safe prophecy that unless writers recapture the narrative art children will turn to the movies and television for excitement.

Nor have even the best of our contemporary writers succeeded in creating characters that have entered the popular consciousness. There are no contemporary Jos or Megs, no Toms or Hucks, no Penrods or Willie Baxters, not even an Elsie, whose character is generally acknowledged and accepted. Here, again, juvenile literature reflects adult: except for the Joads, contemporary literature has not created any characters to mingle with Deerslayer, Uncle Tom, Huck Finn, Silas Lapham, and George Babbitt.

One final observation—again a somewhat jaundiced one—is relevant. There has been a marked decline in the art of illustration. There is no school of illustrators today which compares with the great group that flourished in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—men like A. B. Frost and E. W. Kemble, Arthur Rackham and Reginald Birch, Kenyon Cox and Howard Pyle and, a bit later, N. C. Wyeth. The same criticism applies, to be sure, to the field of adult fiction and to magazines. No magazines today have the artistic excellence of the old *Century, Scribner's, Harper's, and St. Nicholas.* Photography has driven art out of books and magazines, as the movies and television threaten to drive out literature itself.

The Calendar Illuminated

THE TWELVE SEASONS. By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Associates. $3.

PART of the charm of this book, part of the value, is what it says of common things. Rain. Heat. A hurrying caterpillar. The first peeper of the spring. Snow is at once a physico-chemical substance, a datum for poetry, a medium into which the fancy may take a plunge. I shall not soon forget the hoot of the owl across the January white, a blue impersonal white, then the scream of the imagined mouse and the spot of blood on the white—to the author it seems the sentient and living against the atomic and pre-Cambrian. An evocative small volume. It will start you to rummage in your own stores and to look at these with fresh belief.

The title is "The Twelve Seasons," and that is precise. The point is made. There are not four. There are twelve, and it surprised me to realize what sharp personalities my twelve are. It may be because we meet each of them only once a year, because they come, and go, and come again, that they have etched themselves into our brains as they would not if they had just stayed. The book for me has put deeper lines especially into August and December. Mr. Krutch begins his gallery not with January but with March, which is right, as we again agree when we are reminded; begins it with the one that starts anew the cyclic life. February in Connecticut and in most places where men live is "the very three a.m. of the calendar. . . . Spring is too far away to comfort even by anticipation, and winter long ago lost the charm of novelty." Julius Caesar started us off with January 1, would have started us logically on December 21 at the solstice, but, politic old boy, did not want the beginning of the year with all its practical importances to come too close to the debaucheries of the Saturnalia. I did not know this. I did not know a hundred curious facts.

Joseph Krutch's Walden is seventy-five miles out of New York. I have a good idea of the place, of the shoveled paths in winter, of the almost jungle shut-in density in late summer, of the roads he walks "chiefly because the house feels so much better afterwards," of the vivid death colors of September. The house is snug. There is a streak on a window sill pointing to a spot on the horizon, the spot from which the sun will start north again. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." But it is the moon apparently that feels freest around the place, and when it is a waning western moon at four in the morning with a dark copper expression on its face, one stays in, observes it with a kind of fear, thinks that *it* thinks it is for once alone and unobserved in the sky.

There are animals, of course. A pet duck. A pet goose. A pond with protozoa, and a microscope to see them with. But the cats are the realest. They are in and out of the house, and they have cat natures that are permitted to express themselves, not to the point of letting two of them gang up on a squirrel—but one by himself may roll gaily on an eighteen-inch snake!

A visitor comes from the city. This one hates nature. "I think there have been moments when he was on the point of suggesting that we pull down the shades." When the visitor leaves, there is relief on both sides, and the interest of him to the reader is that he makes clear how instinctively right an environment the country is for Mr. Krutch. Not that he is exactly happy in it. Happiness is not exactly his quality. He is too almost reflexly reflective for that. The phenomenon of death recurrently impresses him. He sees a chrysalis. He stops. He thinks of the dissolution within, and the resurrection. In every season the country stimulates his meditativeness, but it stimulates also his senses, makes them, one suspects, much more naturally acute than they are in New York, where he must teach at Columbia for half of every week.

Must teach, I say, and yet I know that there would be no book like this if he had not taught, if he had not lived so much with books. There are many kinds of naturalists, no doubt. This is a reading naturalist. A broad spectrum of reading. Much of it has been in the writings of naturalists, and it is a reading that has qualified the mind, so that

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the eyes look up, one feels, from thoughtful pages to a thoughtful animate and inanimate world. The observer is constantly interrupted by the scholar, and the scholar kept inwardly alive by the observer. It is a strong literary instinct scrutinizing the twelve months. I am glad for that. The book has modified and illuminated my own calendar. It has made it sharper.

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

Trade-Union History

LABOR IN AMERICA. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

TOLD in the hot ink of the headlines, the story of American labor becomes a depressing blend of self-seeking and self-destruction. Under the less imperious eye of the historian, the story takes on a more hopeful cast. For all its internal wrangling and external confusion, the labor movement in this country has been moving forward in a way that offers strength and sustenance to our hopes for a democratic future.

In the unemotional prose of this useful volume Professor Dulles has detailed the ups and downs of American unions from Plymouth Rock to the Taft-Hartley act. It is no story of unbroken progress, whether measured in membership, in economic gains, or in social philosophy. But it is a story that mitigates discouragement over what might otherwise seem the aimlessness of labor's current role.

It is instructive to note the inevitability with which each new extension of union power has evoked the same cries of insurrection, expropriation, and communism that are still heard today. It is even more instructive to note the consistency with which the rank and file of labor has spurned any philosophy of direct action or utopian yearning that would provide warrant for these raucous fears of its critics. There has been more head-shaking for less reason over the vagaries of the labor movement than over any other element in our society.

Professor Dulles has managed to crowd the whole sweep of American labor history into fewer than 400 pages. It is a masterpiece of condensation that sends the blood of Homestead and the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago spilling over the fervent words of Debs, Gompers, Lewis, Murray, and Reuther. The rise and fall of the Knights of Labor and the I. W. W. are packed in with the saga of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. Sandwiched in between are an admirable economic history of the United States, an account of the major trends in court opinion affecting labor, and thumbnail sketches of most of the men who have left their imprint on labor's thinking.

For those who want to learn with minimum investment of time and effort how organized labor got to be what it is, this book should prove most valuable. For those who feel there is no hope, it will be better than an aspirin—or a stomach pump.

A. H. RASKIN

The Careers of Sol Bloom

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SOL BLOOM. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

IT IS not surprising that the late Representative Sol Bloom should have written a frank and amusing autobiography that bears no resemblance whatever to the current crop of ghost-written, stiff-shirted memoirs of elder statesmen.

His book gives persons who knew only the latter-day Congressman Bloom a pleasant opportunity to learn that there were several previous Sol Blooms, all equally resourceful, brash, and successful. For Sol Bloom, who was almost eighty when he died, entered gainful employment in San Francisco at the age of six, his parents being too poor to send him to school. He was never content with one job at a time, and so assiduously did he work on week days, nights, and Sundays that he was able to record: "When I was seventeen my income was somewhere between $15,000 and $20,000 a year" (and dollars were really worth something in 1885). At that time Bloom was a box-office treasurer with a half-dozen sidelines ranging from theatrical concessions to general merchandise. He retired from the San Francisco phase of his life in his twenties, an affluent impresario. He left to tour the world but got no farther than Paris, where he saw the rest of the world through the international exposition. The Algerian Village was one of the most successful amusement items there, and he signed it up for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. He became director of the whole Midway Plaisance, probably the biggest extravaganza of its century, and certainly remembered as the naughtiest. (Bloom assured us, incidentally, that memory painted the *danse du ventre* and the hootchy-kootchy in colors far too lurid.) After the fair Bloom embarked upon successive careers as music publisher, victrola salesman, and New York real-estate operator. Finally, in 1923, tired of making money, he retired to the quiet respectability of the House of Representatives.

Fortunately the book emphasizes Bloom's early life and his pre-Congressional career. His descriptions of his family and of his early triumphs over poverty have a nostalgic excitement that has nothing to do with the fact that the author's name is Sol Bloom, rather than, say, Clarence Day. It's a good story, and it's well written. When it reaches Bloom's later career in the House, the book begins to achieve some of the ponderous discretion of stately memorabilia, recalling with pride and respect all the levees of visiting royalty. But the first 200 pages of the book tell a lively story of Bloom's early struggles in the rough and tumble of late nineteenth-century show business in California and Illinois, and they stand as a fascinating memorial to a colorful American.

JEROME H. SPINGARN

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Verse Chronicle

THE "Collected Poems" of Charles Erskine Scott Wood (Vanguard, $5) seem rather old-fashioned, not their least anachronistic feature being the author's obvious delight in living. Such a one, in our time, alas, is immediately subject to the suspicion of being sired by Nincompoop out of Pollyanna, an ostrich with his head in the sand of an Ivory Tower, a starry-eyed Dreamer, impervious to stark reality—with what clichés can we not rise to the occasion when confronted by an optimist! But this old man, whose ninety-odd years ran out in 1944, was nobody's fool; he knew all was not for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and said so, often, and passionately; his possession of a social conscience, however, did not inhibit his enjoyment of life, his sense of privilege and wonder. Personally I like, better than the important largenesses of The Poet in the Desert, the pictures and songs in the poems from the ranges, the labors of man and beast, the things noted as year and day turn, the love poems, such as who would think of writing nowadays? The real warm-heartedness, the appearance of simple-mindedness should not distract the reader from the excellent craftsmanship, whether native or studied; in First Snow, for example, the first poem in the collection, note how the vowel sounds, the breaks in the cadence of the line-rhythms, reinforce, modify, illumine the controlled simplicity of the statement. Cradling Wheat, Picking Apricots, Goats, Summer Idyll, to name but four, testify to Mr. Wood's observation, power to see, delight in the seen, capacity to bring back the richness and the color, the sensuous quality of experience. Or take a very simple lyric, which the critical mind can find any number of reasons to reject and the heart and ear only one for accepting:

> Life is so short, so bitter,
> O why should Love deny
> The gleam of blue, the glitter
> Of gold upon the sky?
>
> Such dark the dawn encloses,
> So frail the drops of dew;
> So few, so fleet, the roses,
> O why should Love seek rue?

Coming from Hardy, Housman, Davies, de la Mare, that one would have been in all the anthologies.

Five of John G. Neihardt's long poems—The Song of Three Friends, The Song of Hugh Glass, The Song of Jed Smith, The Song of the Indian Wars, The Song of the Messiah—now appear in the one volume for which they were orginally planned, entitled "A Cycle of the West" (Macmillan, $5). This also is old-fashioned, shall we say nineteenth-century, verse, long stories told in rhymed iambic-pentameter couplets, *athwart, 'twas, hark! lucent blue, swoon, 'twixt, aye, atwhiles, as 'twere,* worked into the texture, along with Homeric metaphors, and *cacophonic, phasic, conspirant, simulacrum, scoriac, eupeptic,* and *bulimic.* Yet with all this the stories move, carrying not only weight but excitement; Mr. Neihardt, in his introduction, rejects the term "epic" if applied to his result, while conceding its application to the material with which he has dealt, and his treatment supports his suggestion. He respects his material, and the extent to which it is sentimentalized is permitted, if not required, by the conventions of the manner in which he writes; consequently the effect is authentic and genuine, as distinguished from the synthetic *Kitsch* of the American corn school. And how pleasantly escapist, for a change, to read of men facing the terrors of starvation, thirst, deserts and stampeding herds, bears and Indians, instead of our own anxieties over alcoholics and homos, the savages of the mind, the spies and iron curtains!

In "The Green Roller," by Roark Bradford (Harper and Brothers, $2), we are also given folk stuff, lore of the culture of the Southern Negro. The Green Roller preached, so they say, up and down the Louisiana swamplands for exactly a hundred years, training in that time disciples, a dozen of whose sermons are here presented by Mr. Bradford following a prose introduction in which he expounds the mise-en-scène. One thing that can be said is that they are just about the right length for sermons; another, that Mr. Bradford has a fairly good, if not too subtle, ear, and that each sermon swings along with a characteristic plausibly hortatory and incantative cadence. As distinguished from Mr. Neihardt's, Mr. Bradford's at-

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titude toward his material is, however affectionate, still condescending; he looks down at it, not up or out: consequently, one can all too easily suspect that *motif* is really motive, and dislike, if nothing else, the effect of quaintness.

Coming, now, to personal commentary in the modern idiom, we find it well turned in Hyam Plutzik's "Aspects of Proteus" (Harper and Brothers, $2.50). Mr. Plutzik has learned a good deal since the publication eight years ago of his privately printed Yale University prize poem, Death at the Purple Rim, which is included in this collection. Not the least sign of increasing maturity, of development in the craft, is Mr. Plutzik's willingness to experiment with form, to submit himself to the discipline of a prior tentative design, to let what is said be controlled and determined somewhat by the peculiar cast in which the thought is to be set: for example, a poem called The King of Ai, in ten couplets, uses the same words at the line ends, *eventide, city,/city, eventide,/eventide, city,* and so on; for example, Harlowe Young, five triplets, off-rhyming, combining masculine and feminine rhymes; for example, Abner Bellow, five stanzas, two lines, six, six, six, two, all quite intricately patterned with true and off rhyme; for example, Drinking Song, where off rhymes, all but one pair feminine, are effectively managed for what is pretty rare with Mr. Plutzik, humorous statement. The good thing about this variety is that it is seldom so obtrusive as to draw attention away from what is said to the manner of saying. As for content: *eventide, city,/city, eventide*: doom, doom, guilt, and doom. *Mad as dog/ sadder than ghost . . . The dotted line/ and the locked gate/ the bridgeless river/ and the bitch-dogs baying.* Beset by disintegration, noting its phenomena, Mr. Plutzik goes on ironically composing. "Air is our element, but dust our strength." An interesting poet, and a becoming one.

Finally, we have "Tears and Laughter," translated from the Arabic of Kahlil Gibran by Anthony Rizcallah Ferris, edited and with a preface by Martin L. Wolf (Philosophical Library, $2.75). Wretched Philistine that I am, I find these broodings and exaltations in poetry and prose a tremendous bore.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Films

MANNY FARBER

IN THE static atmosphere of Hollywood film production, the appearance of Screen Plays Corporation, a peppery little band of young aesthetes as hard and profit-minded as Du Pont, should cause more upheaval than any incident since the Santa Barbara earthquake. Hollywood has never experianced anything as brainy and volatile as this ant-hill organization that has managed not only to shake the foundations of the elephant studios but to leave them standing still in their own race for the fattest loot. The curious aspect of this new company is that it blends the creative artist's imagination with the Sammy Glick talent for peeling cash off of nothing. Its aim seems to be to kill two birds by turning out a five-cent "Gone with the Wind" and introducing techniques and ideas that are a few levels above the I. Q. of the average moviegoer, according to the superstitions prevailing in the industry. But Screen Plays is not the Prince on the White Charger, for underneath, as is seen in its new movie, "Home of the Brave," beats the heart of a huckster, a heart that has grown its tissues in the theatrical atmosphere of middle-brow and sentimental Broadway.

The irrelevantly titled "Home of the Brave" is a war film which starts with some good shattering shots depicting the brutality and destruction of battle but suddenly changes into idle, muddy psychiatric double-talk and a tepid display of the Negro problem. A Negro G. I. named Moss (James Edwards) returns from a dangerous mission traumatized and half-paralyzed; in this weakened condition he is put under the care of a noisy psychiatrist (Jeff Corey) with the face of a manic hawk and a bellicose, exasperated attitude that should complete the ruin of Moss but instead puts him on his feet in a couple of days and gives him a lot of difficult thoughts to play around with for the rest of his life. After all this psychotherapy Moss is told he suffers from discrimination chiefly because he is too sensitive. This gets a big laugh, particularly from Negroes in the audience, who doubtless think of all the jobs they

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didn't get because of over-sensitivity.

The script writer (Carl Foreman) plants some bold dashes of prejudice but never grounds the movie in the street-level type of incident that would illustrate the Negro situation in all its bulging ugliness. The bite has been taken out of the problem by constructing the Negro G. I. as a thoroughly passive creature who is ceaselessly tormented by his enemy, continually soothed by his friends, who plays a meek guinea pig for the psychiatrist but scarcely makes an impression on anyone else; he is so suavely mute that this pioneering movie about anti-Negro prejudice unreels itself oblivious of the fact that the whole film does not contain a Negro (Moss is actually the man who wasn't there). James Edwards plays him as a bland, unmarked, self-possessed, and graceful character, very little different from the other players, although he is supposed to have been a long-standing victim of their conscious and unconscious prejudice. The character in the original play by Arthur Laurents was a Jew, and in making the change the producers simply lost sight of the fact that the Negro has suffered from a different, more violent kind of prejudice here; Moss appears to have neither offered nor suffered any kind of violence.

"Home of the Brave" is infused with a sophisticated technique that turns an essentially thin and artificial script into a clattering, virile movie with deeply affecting moments. The sophistication appears everywhere: instead of seeing the Jap sniper fall, as in any other war movie, all that you see in this movie is broccoli-like jungle, accompanied by a slithering sound and a mild clonk to inform you that the sniper is done for. The script is so basically theatrical that it has to be acted almost entirely from seated or reclining positions, but the director works more variations on those two positions than can be found in a Turkish Bath. The actors talk as though they were trying to drill the words into one another's skulls; this savage portentousness not only forces your interest but is alarming in that the soldiers are usually surrounded by Japs and every word can obviously be heard in Tokyo. Actors are never balanced within the picture frame; often a head is half cut by the top of the screen or, for no reason, some secondary figure will walk straight through a shot, knocking out your view of the principal figures, but giving an effect of careless spontaneity to a scene that is actually no more active than the inside of a can of sardines. This energetic technique has several limitations: the repetition of close eye-level shots practically puts the actors in your lap, but after a few reels I would have liked a long shot of all of them on top of a mountain; the camera men are so enamored of shadows in outdoor scenes that the actors often seem afflicted by leprosy. Dimitri Tiomkin's background music only comes on in crises, adding extra heart-throbs where the action is as swollen with emotion as a Faulkner river.

Well played and punchy, "Home of the Brave" is not quite clever or ingenious enough to conceal its profit-minded, inept treatment of important issues.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

RCA-VICTOR has issued Mozart's Sonata K.296 for violin and piano played by Heifetz and Bay (DM-1290, $2.50). The work is a fine one; and Heifetz again plays the fast movements with admirable simplicity but indulges in affectations and archnesses of phrasing in the slow movement; also his tone comes off the record with the unpleasant brashness it has had in recent recorded performances. Bay's playing is very good and its recorded sound is natural. Surfaces are noisy.

And from English Decca there is Mozart's Sonata K.454 played by Kulenkampff and Solti (ED-108, $7.35). I find this work more impressive this time than I did when I heard the Heifetz recording years ago—especially the slow movement, which is very beautiful. The violin-playing is excellent in its unaffected lyricism and grace; the piano-playing has, in addition, an exciting sharpness of phraseological contour; and the joint performance is full of delightful and exciting ensemble perfections and subtleties. The recorded sound is very fine.

In recent months I have changed all my equipment except the speakers; and what I have now gives extraordinarily beautiful reproduction of good recording. The amplifier is a Brook 10C3, producing sound that is impressive in its freedom from distortion and the ease with which its reserve power enables it to deliver big sonorities. The two-speed motor is a Rek-O-Kut T12H, impressive too in its steadiness and quiet. The pickup is a G.E. Variable Reluctance cartridge in a Clarkstan Trionic arm.

The G.E. cartridge is the latest model, the RPX-046, which produces sound that is without the sharpness I didn't like when I tried the cartridge more than a year ago. It has an easily replaceable stylus; and one can therefore use the same cartridge with a .003 stylus for standard shellac records and a .001 stylus for Columbia LP records. For LP one must of course reduce the stylus-pressure to 8 grams; and I am told that there are tracking difficulties when the cartridge is used with that pressure in an automatic record-changer; but in my Clarkstan arm, carefully

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mounted and leveled to eliminate side-pressure, the cartridge does track with 8 grams' pressure; and it also tracks on shellac records with only ½ ounce—which is very important for stylus wear.

Using first a G.E. sapphire stylus with the usual pressure of 1 ounce I found that it lasted only the usual 150-175 shellac sides, after which the high-frequency distortion from the worn point became unbearable. What to do? On the one hand an engineer in one of the record companies gave me figures on the performance of diamond styli used by the company for testing new shellac records: with a pressure of 1 to 1¼ ounces they played 4000 to 5000 sides; and so despite its high initial cost the diamond was much less expensive than the sapphire. On the other hand a research engineer of another company who had made a thorough study of the performance of sapphire and diamond styli told me that the diamond was dangerous because it chipped easily, even when handled with great care—the danger being greater, of course, with a record changer. The only thing to do was to try one; and I have begun to use a G.E. diamond stylus and will report on its performance in due time; meanwhile I can say that a friend has been using one in his record changer since last fall without accident so far.

With his G.E. cartridge and Brook amplifier this friend uses a Stephens two-way speaker system which gives a spacious, clear, clean, bright sound—quite the best I have heard of that kind. There is, however, another kind: softened and enriched by diffusion and reflection about the room as it is in the concert hall. My own privately made speaker system achieves this by means which I cannot describe; the engineer who is my No. 1 source of technical information has described another method: two identical speakers, each in its own cabinet, facing *toward* the wall, and facing away from each other at a right angle. There is, he says, some loss of high frequencies which can be made up by equalization in the amplifier. A speaker he recommends is the Lansing 600-B; the cabinet is the infinite-baffle type I have described in the past, with an interior of 5 cubic feet.

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CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, professor of history at Columbia University, is the editor of "The St. Nicholas Anthology."

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN is the author of "Canary, the History of a Family," "Everyday Miracle," and "The Pet Shop," a play.

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Letters to the Editors

A Unique Analysis

Dear Sirs: The first of your articles that compelled me to remember the name Thomas Sancton was The Case of Alger Hiss, in your issue of September 4, 1948, for his analysis was unique in that it treated Hiss and Chambers as complex human beings caught in a web of tragic circumstances rather than as political stereotypes to be "explained" and dismissed in terms of the current ideological epithets. That was fine reporting, and I wanted to tell Mr. Sancton so.

Now, however, comes his piece entitled War, Peace, and Journalism (in *The Nation*, April 16), and I can hold off no longer. For it seems too good to be true that the material he covers should have reached—through the insights of one reporter, at least—the place where it can influence many more people than are represented in the specific sciences he mentions. The scientists develop usable material which fits life facts, but it is up to the rest of us to put that knowledge to work, and certainly reporters stand in the vanguard of those with the biggest opportunity to do so. And I am sure Mr. Sancton is right when he says that traditional reporters have had a greater awareness of men acting in their total environment than their institutional sanctions have permitted them to express.

In its broadest sense, human ecology can embody all that men know, and while we can never describe the total pattern we can always be aware of the salient elements which add the third dimension to "flatness," which compensate for the factors by necessity left out of any description. The important thing is to be aware that things are left out.

Let us have more articles along these lines; they are the surest means of assimilating the "absolutists" everywhere.

MAYNARD WHITLOW

Los Angeles, May 1

A Faulty Analysis

Dear Sirs: No reporter would deny Thomas Sancton's contention in your issue of April 16 that "journalism should seek the whole truth in any given field of politics"; even if some of us have not his skill in the use of such instruments as psychoanalytical anthropology, Gestalt psychology, and cybernetics. His plea for "Gestalt journalism" is convincing. The only thing that bothers me is, whose Gestalt should it present? The subject's or the reporter's?

I do not know Mr. Sancton and cannot say whether the specimen he gives us in War, Peace, and Journalism is his Gestalt or not. But it is not the Gestalt of Sumner Welles or Jim Forrestal as I know them, nor is it the Gestalt of Washington as it looks to me. Mr. Sancton may say that I am substituting my slanted personal view for scientific truth. Well, let's look at the record.

Mr. Sancton says that Mr. Welles, testifying before the Un-American Activities Committee, betrayed the profound tensions of a troubled man (I wasn't there, but I don't doubt it); and that "within a week" (actually eighteen days later) he suffered "his now famous heart attack." Mr. Sancton doesn't say it was anything but a heart attack; but his next few sentences, if they mean anything, imply that Welles was out of his mind not only on Christmas night of 1948 but for years before that. I spent an evening with him one week before his heart attack; his mind was as clear and his judgment as sound as ever. The innuendo that he had been demented for years is ridiculous, in view of his record; but it is not very laughable to his friends.

As to Forrestal: kicking him around, even after he is down, is a favorite pastime in some quarters; and Mr. Sancton is less ghoulish than some of our Servants of Brotherhood. But his Gestalt of Forrestal is full of unsupported dogmatic assertions presented as self-evident facts. Forrestal is "a sharp little cartelist, militarist, and Wall Street banker." His body is little, his mind is sharp; he used to be a Wall Street banker, connected with cartels, but he quit that job nine years ago. "Militarist" is an epithet, unsupported by evidence; what evidence has Sancton that it fits? Forrestal is a symbol of "Wall Street's direct command of the army." Direct command is a large phrase. When, how, and by whom was it exercised in the interest of "Wall Street"?

Forrestal is "captain of the most murderous armadas ever assembled on this planet." Our armadas of 1945 were far more formidable; and he "captained" what we have got left only under the command of Harry S. Truman. Forrestal has "subjected his nation and his kind to his controlled but unconscious, turbulent, hostile concepts of life, war, and peace." When did he? How did he? As for those turbulent and hostile concepts, I do not know how intimately Mr. Sancton is acquainted with him; but this is no Forrestal that I know.

Finally Mr. Sancton knows that our mismanaged nation is implacably drifting into war. If he is sure of that he has little company; war is possible, but most students of foreign affairs doubt that it is probable. Mr. Sancton has every right to give his readers his personal opinions of Welles, Forrestal, and the situation. But when he presents those opinions as scientific truth he gives some of us a new respect for the flat two-dimensional reporting which he condemns; and which, if it doesn't always see everything that is there, at least doesn't see the things that are not.

ELMER DAVIS

Washington, April 30

A Reply

PROTESTING against my reference to Mr. Forrestal as "cartelist, militarist, and Wall Street banker," Mr. Davis says that Forrestal used to be a Wall Street banker, connected with cartels, but that he quit that job nine years ago. I say that Mr. Forrestal, in economic and political outlook, is a product of the bankers' world and that such a background—or any professional background—remains a permanent part of a man's outlook. Forrestal no more ceased to be an ex-president of Dillon, Read and Company when he entered the government than he ceased to be a Princeton alumnus. Harold Ickes, who was in the Cabinet with Forrestal, made a very specific statement on this point in the *New Republic* of May 2: "Naturally these three associates had the support of ex-Secretary James Forrestal, who, although no longer connected technically with that important former financial ally of the Nazis—Dillon, Read and Company—was concerned about its fortunes." This is part of Ickes's general charge that Secretaries Anderson, Harriman, and Krug were aided by Forrestal, when all were members of the Cabinet, in advancing the now accepted plan for the Ruhr.

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When I say Forrestal subjected this nation to his views of life, war, and peace, I mean he subjected it to the extent that his position as Defense Secretary made it possible. Is it necessary to explain that I do not imply here that Forrestal made use of some sort of power of royal edict to do so? To the extent that any of us participate in politics, banking, journalism, or life, we subject our fellows, and certainly our subordinates, to our conscious and unconscious beliefs and feelings. A man like Forrestal, who operated at the highest military policy-making level in the American armed services—outranking the Joint Chiefs of Staff—unquestionably subjected his nation and a large part of the world population to his views.

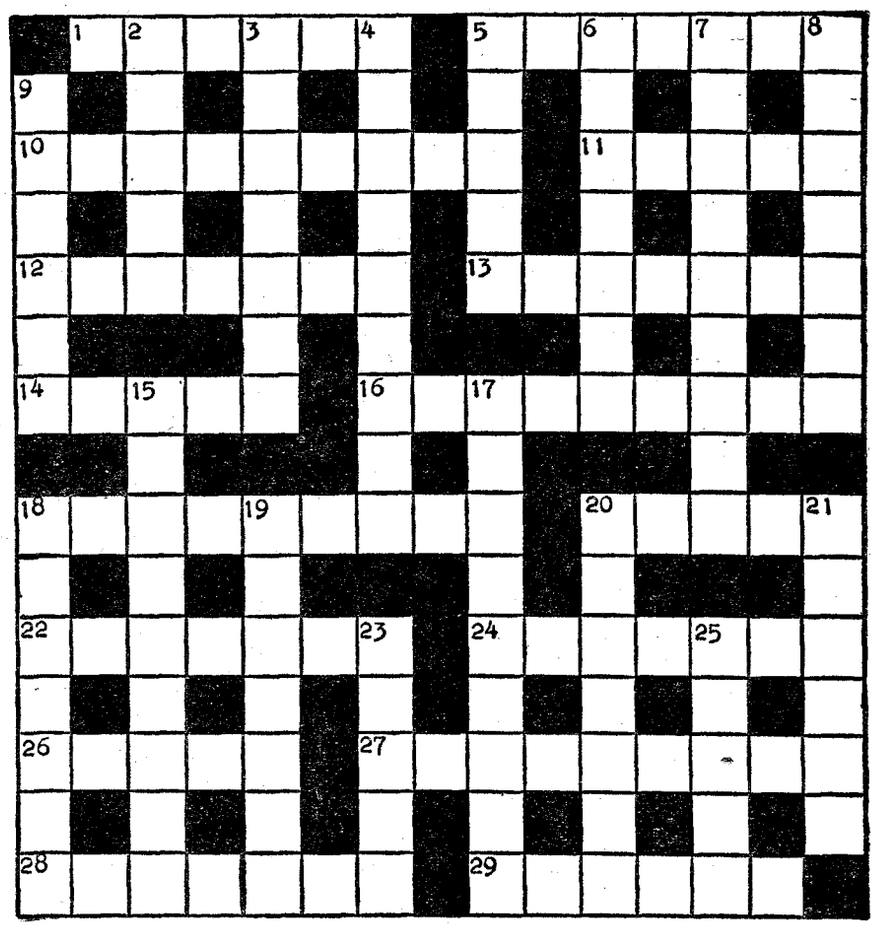
As to the unprecedented destructive power of our present-day armadas, I base this on recent news accounts of the multiplied force of the new bomb, which is said to have made the bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki obsolete.

Concerning my references to Sumner Welles, it is Mr. Davis, I think, who supplies the exaggeration. There was certainly no inference in my article that Mr. Welles was "out of his mind." There was the statement that he appeared distraught at the Hiss-Chambers hearing, where he was called to testify as one of the former "Olympians" of the State Department. Eighteen days later—I acknowledge the time correction—roaming through his estate on a freezing night because of insomnia, he suffered the heart attack which was front-paged throughout the press. What the article both states and infers is that the great names of Washington and world politics have private personalities, and like the common lot of mankind these personalities influence their work. Their work, however, unlike the work of ordinary men, directly affects the lives of hundreds of millions. And their decisions must be underwritten by the anonymous and unofficial masses in whatever terms of sacrifice are demanded. Olympians they really are not, moreover; though the average newspaper reader hardly learns a thing about them as people from the news accounts of their full-dress appearances and full-dress statements. And crudely though the idea is perhaps presented, I say that people have a right to ask for more than flat and thematic reporting concerning the small groups of human beings in world capitals who make the fateful decisions and policies of these times.

THOMAS SANCTON

Crossword Puzzle No. 313

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 An employer around a Chaldean town is notoriously skinflint. (6)
5 Abused a version of morning songs. (7)
10 Who so kind as to make tricks? (9)
11 One of the conspirators in the fracas Caesar got into. (5)
12 Doctors, and prescribes a limit beyond which one shouldn't go. (7)
13 Trooped on the rail (but the first wheel caused it to go off. (7)
14 Moody, perhaps? (From being in the Alley so long)? (5)
16 Get around a sort of spasm once. (9)
18 Not a complex weight, certainly! (9)
20 Argot for cheap money. (5)
22 Smith excels at counterfeiting? (7)
24 Let go your apartment, or sign up again. (7)
26 Put in spirits. (5)
27 Peterkin was told about a famous one of these. (9)
28 His queen was a fairy. (7)
29 Method. (6)

DOWN

2 and 9. Brief confession? (5, 6)
3 Are the Communists fighting-hearted? (7)
4 Centers an appellative of the 15th century. (9)
5 As placed to your credit, perhaps. (5)
6 Hide-bound, like a couple of pugnacious males. (7)
7 The sort of speed that might lead to a road upset (just like a kid you know!). (9)
8 The cast of "Coming Events"? (7)
9 See 2.
15 Mongol conqueror not usually found near metal. (9)
17 Abridges agreements. (9)
18 Permits. (7)
19 Idles, unlike toilers. (7)
20 Hurries, but not to the polls! (7)
21 Set twice, upset once. (6)
23 An Indian one is supposed to be a poor sport. (5)
25 Five on one at court? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 313

ACROSS:—1 ULTIMA THULE; 9 OLEANDER; 10 SERAPH; 11 TACTILE; 12 DEFACED; 14 SENILE; 15 EAST SIDE; 17 RECEIVER; 20 TRIALS; 22 PRUSSIC; 24 INVERSE; 26 LANDAU; 27 WOODWIND; 28 INDIAN CLUBS.

DOWN:—2 LEASTWISE; 3 INDULGE; 4 AIRY; 5 HASTENS; 6 LORNA; 7 PLEASE; 8 SPREAD; 13 BEARD; 16 SPIDERWEB; 18 EARLAP; 19 VIIPURI; 20 TINFOIL; 21 LOSING; 23 SEDAN; 25 SWAN.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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The Case of Larry Gara

Dear Sirs: In your issue of February 19 you carried a letter by A. J. Muste giving the circumstances of the arrest of my husband, Larry Gara, for "aiding and abetting" draft resistance. Today my husband was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment on this charge. Perhaps your readers would be interested in the major issues raised during the three-and-a-half-day trial in Federal Court in Toledo, Ohio. My husband, before being sentenced, prepared the following summary, the details of which are substantiated by court records:

1. I had not met Charles Rickert, the student whom I was supposed to have "counseled, aided, and abetted" to refuse to register, prior to his decision to refuse registration, and did not talk with him about non-registration until ten days after he had already visited the draft board and made public his refusal.

2. I did support the student in his stand, and told him I agreed with the position of non-registration and would also refuse to register if I were within draft age. My wife did exactly the same thing, although she was not arrested.

3. At no time did I try to encourage Rickert to do anything but that which his conscience led him to do. I even told him that he should, in my opinion, change his course of action if his conscience directed such a change, but that he had the complete support of my wife and me if he felt he should continue in his stand.

4. The whole case hinged upon the words I spoke to Rickert as he was being led away by the FBI. At that time I said, "Do not let them coerce you into changing your conscience." It was for these words, spoken two months after Rickert had already refused to register, that I was convicted. The date of my "crime" was given as "on or about November 8, 1948," and Rickert had refused to register on September 10.

The district attorney and the judge ruled that the duty to register is a continuing one. Therefore, if my words might have influenced—or have had the tendency to influence—Rickert to continue refusal, I was, they held, subject to punishment under the law. Needless to say, many people are concerned about this prosecution. The president of Bluffton College, who does not agree with the position of non-registration, is supporting me in the fight to have this decision reversed, as is the American Civil Liberties Union.

If the verdict of the court is sustained, numerous church groups, including the Quakers, will be outlawed. Freedom of speech and religion are important aspects of our American heritage, and it would be a tragedy to abridge them.

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Upon delivering sentence, the judge denied Larry the privilege of bail pending the appeal. The judge concluded from Larry's prison record—two years in federal prison during World War II for refusal to comply with the draft law—that he must be psychopathic and suggested that he submit to a psychiatric examination. He implied that if the results were such as to excuse Larry from accountability for his actions, sentence might be withheld. Larry declined this offer, however, and was forthwith remanded to the county jail. His attorney is attempting to persuade the Appellate Court to release him on bond. Meanwhile Larry reclines behind bars.

LENNA MAE GARA

Bluffton, Ohio, May 6

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DOROTHY P. HILL, Director

Wollaston, Mass., May 10

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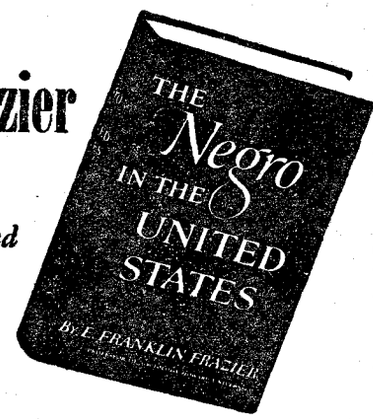

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